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#1

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Published Quarterly.

Vol. 2 JANUARY 19th, 1931. No. 1

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 28 1944

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 28 1944

#2

BUY NOW!

The HOOSIER MAIL

Brings In The Kale

BUY NOW!

Vol. 5 March-April, 1931 No. 6-7

X-PN 4827

WHAT'S A WAFFLE?

The question has come up as to just what a waffle really is. One insists that it's a non-skid pancake while another says it's just a baked crossword puzzle. A fellow in Pa. declares it's an upholstered checkerboard.

A girl up in Oshkosh says anyone ought to know that it's just a pancake with dimples. But even so, a waffle has it's fine points and a pancake is a complete flop.

Then—but say! Who started this anyway? Send in your ideas. We'll print the best.

BELIEVE IT?

Believe it or not, but this is true! A man in Racine, Wisconsin bought a $3000 car the other day and paid for it with postage stamps! Not rare stamps, but present day, common U S unused stamps, mostly all of the two cent denomination. In his business, the man accumulates a great deal of stamps. His collection grew to over 3000 dollars. One of the local dealers in cars agreed to accept the stamps. Now, he's trying to get rid of them by paying his bills the same way.

Since 1909 the United States has ceased to be self-supporting in newsprint paper.

PHUN KOLUM

By Lloyd M. Tripp

She:-Oh, George, I can't kiss you because I told mama that I wouldn't kiss any man on the face of the earth.
He:-Come with me, dear, it's only a block to the subway.

Skinny:-How's Abel Sass getting on with that school teacher he's calling on now?
Fatty:-Well, every time he goes to see her she keeps him an hour longer for being naughty.

Landlady:-And what's wrong now?
Lodger:-I just wanted to say that I think you get too much mileage out of this roller towel.

Mrs:-Doctor, my husband talks in his sleep. What can I do to help him?
Doctor:-Try letting him talk a little in the day time.

X-I'm fed up on the talkies!
Y-How's that?
X-My wife's mother and three sisters are visiting us.

Under nearly every mile of railroad track lie more than 3,000 wood cross ties.

Washington cuts more wood than any other state in the union

DO YOU KNOW

By Arlie Kinkade

That today air mail is flown between the Missouri River and Sacramento, Calif. in 14 hours, and the postage is 5c per letter. In olden times, the pony express rate was $10. per letter.

That Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, had to plead with 10 congresses before he received any attention?

That brightly colored clothes tend to make the individual look larger?

That the Giraffe's chief weapon are his heels?

That to make one automobile tire requires as much rubber as is collected from 2 trees over a period of 2 years?

The old Washington homestead at Mount Vernon stands today as proof of the durability of wood.

Wood splits more easily when green than when dry.

PATRONIZE
-:OUR:-
ADVERTISERS

X-PN 4827

#3

The Headlight

THE LIBRARY OF

Volume 2 *January 1933* *Number 1*

APR 23 1944

Happy New Year

To all our readers, and especially to those of Amateur Journalism, we extend our heartiest wishes for A Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Some publications received are almost the finest productions of the printers' art and also rich with real thought. We are inspired to press onward and upward to reach their level. Another source of inspiration, we find in those little papers, marked Volume I, Number I, perhaps printed on 3 x 5 inch presses--one font of type with irregular impression, heavy, light and blurred.

Nothing is more inspiring than a human soul who believes that things can be done; that targets can be hit; that improvements can be made; that green things grow; that progress is not all over and that beginnings are yet possible.

"The ones who achieve
Are the ones who believe."

As Lowell says, 'Not failure, but low aim is crime,' and censure is due, not for mistakes, but for failing to strive for improvement, if not for final perfection. By all means, boys—and perhaps girls—keep copies of those papers. They will be worth a million dollars or more in a million years or less when you can show something better. And it will indeed be A Happy Year every time you can see progress or improvement. The more we can heed the following connsel, the more will be our joyous energy in trying times:--

Be strong, young heart and do thy part
Thy work is all potential,
And duty done is vict' ry won,
And signs are non-essential.

Let us try to cultivate that capacity for happiness, to think of
The Man Worth While,
And push ahead rejoicing,
When pleasing things are said;
And when such words are lacking
To simply push ahead. -Flounderon.

Past hardships are jokes, themes for hilarious merriment—the worse, the better. While floundering on, your heart may ache; your friends may criticise your awkward or feeble endeavor. George Fitch says "Ambition does not make a man any more pleasant to have around, but it does make him more useful to his widder.' It makes him more useful to himself, to those about him and to survivors.

The first breath of a babe is doubtless a tingling, stinging, strangling pain. What is the very first audible sound from that little throat? Is it melody? We know that any child's first breath is a baby's war whoop—a rebellion against everything as it is; a squawk. See him a year later. Has he progressed? Miriam I. Kimball says

"Just listen to the cooing;
Just listen to the gooing,
For he is surely wooing
Everybody's heart." Yes indeed, progress, but will it do to quit on? Did Capelli sing at royal coronations with his first breath, or at that stage of development?

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#4

The Headlight

Volume 2 *April 1933* *Number 2*

APR 28 1933

To Young Men

Young men! you are **wanted!**

From the street corners; from the saloons and playhouses; from the loafers' rendezvous; from the idlers' promenade, TURN YOUR STEPS into the highway of noble aim and earnest endeavor. There are prizes enough for every true and faithful worker, crowns enough for every honorable head that goes through the smoke of conflict to victory.

Beautiful lives have blossomed in the darkest places, as pure white lilies, full of fragrance, on the slimy, stagnant waters. No possessions are so productive of real influence as a noble character and a highly cultivated intellect. The invisible spring of self-culture is the source of every great achievement. You can easily collect or gain access to a library of choice books. Great men have ever been men of thought as well as men of action. As the magnificent river, rolling in the pride of its mighty waters, owes its greatness to the hidden springs of many a mountain nook, so does the wide-sweeping influence of distinguished men, date its origin from moments and hours of privacy resolutely employed in efforts after self-development. Watt taught himself chemistry and mechanics, while working at his trade. Elihu Burritt, while working and earning his living as a blacksmith, mastered eighteen ancient and modern languages, and twenty-two European dialects. Stephenson prepared himself for his great life work, invention of the locomotive, by studying arithmetic and mensuration in odd moments of his night shifts."

(And so on, ad infinitum.)

"But above all, learn to reflect even more than you read. Without thought, books are the sepulchre of the soul. Let thought and reading go hand in hand, and the intellect will rapidly increase in strength and gifts Its possessor *WILL RISE* in character, in power, and in positive influence. But why do so few young men of early promise, fail to distinguish themselves? The answer is obvious; they are not willing to devote themselves to that toilsome culture, which is the price of success, (and to those long, testing years and decades, which are the only and changeless price of public trust and confidence—the only conditions which will induce and compel them to **think out some thought.**)

Whatever of aptitude for particular pursuits, nature may donate to her favorite children, she conducts none but the laborious and studious to distinction.

Every day sends to the grave, a number of obscure men who have remained in obscurity, only because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort. To do anything, worth doing, we must not stand back, shivering, and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble [flounder] through as well as we can."

All the fore-going [except parenthesized lines by The Headlight editor] is culled from the book, "The Royal Path of Life." We want to expand upon nearly every phrase, but

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The Headlight

Volume 2 *July, 1933* *Number 3*

APR 28 1934

Resources

As published in March, 1933
BOOKMARK by C. W. WALTON

The advantage of real culture is that it enlarges our resources. It widens, heightens, deepens life.

Life is but a narrow house of one room when all we can love is eating, sleeping, mating, and the physical round of animal pleasure. Culture means adding rooms and grounds.

When we learn to love good reading, we have added a stately chamber. When we have gained a taste for art, we have put on a noble hall. When we have come to appreciate good music, and have caught the spell of the great classics, another spacious gallery is built to our house of life. And when we have love of knowledge, and can find amusement in pursuit of sciences, languages, history and philosophy, then is our house surrounded by royal gardens.

If to all these we add the joys of pure spirit and vision, the enthusiasms of faith and hope, of charity and helpfulness, of sympathy and goodness, we have spread a limitless sky above us, where the sun shines by day, and the stars glimmer and beckon by night. We are rich, for we have resources.

Our Heritage

Charles Finney Copeland

The more I am like an inanimate clod,
The more I am apt to believe
That MATTER is master, and chance is supreme,
Deciding what I may achieve;
That I have been doomed by misfortune to mourn
Inside of Calamity's gate,
Shut in by the walls of adversity, grim,
And galled by the chains of my fate.

But then, as I think of the image of God,
That man is expected to be,
'Tis then I believe I am more than a clod,
With limitless chances for me.
That I am the captain, indeed, of my soul;
Commander-in-chief of my fate;
Creator of circumstance—child of a King,
And heir to a royal estate.

That MIND is the master, and faith, as a key,
Unlocks Opportunity's till—
The sky is my limit, and space, my domain,
To conquer and rule as I WILL.

X-FA 4067

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TEACHERS' EDITION

The Headlight

Volume 2 *October 1933* *Number 4*

Welcome

Welcome Greeting! To the school teachers, well-nigh a thousand strong, who will soon congregate in Holdrege from the Fifth district,—we extend a most hearty welcome.

The editor was a teacher twelve years; he grew up in a family, with teachers as parents, (his father also a minister) and seeing the tremendous need of complete understanding between the people and public officials in general, and of the most hearty cooperation between parents and teachers in particular, we have a most mellow, sympathetic spot in our heart for every teacher.

Teachers, preachers, and public servants are but human beings with human frailties. The writer taught in one school for years where every thing he did, or did not do, seemed to be approved. In another, he labored for months facing antagonism he could not understand. He had confidential talks with parties seemingly offended but could not get the slightest hint as to the trouble till six months after the term of school ended. Such circumstances paralyze constructive energies of teachers and make a waste of school taxes, proportional to the extent. There is a time for public discussion of the merits or demerits of all such servants, but we should remember, that; "United, we stand, divided we fall"

Humble Duties

Drudging duties, hard and grinding,
  Have they fallen to thy lot?
Is the task assigned thee humble?
  Do thy labors seem forgot?
Ah! the Lord exalted labor—
  Irksome kinds, in cold and heat;
And, when acting as a teacher,
  Washed and wiped the servants' feet.

Yes, thy task to thee seems common
  And my own seems so to me;
So it was unto the Master,
  So to others it must be.
Forty years was Moses tested
  While monotony did rule;
Forty more of thankless service,
  'Mid complaint and ridicule:

But we now can read the lesson,
  Which to him was not in view,
That the simple post of duty,
  Was the post of honor, too.
And, to seek release or freedom
  From the struggle and the strife,
Is to miss the grandest jewels
  Which bedeck the crown of life.

'T is an honor to a soldier
  To be sent where perils are,
And, a badge of endless glory,
  Is the empty sleeve, or scar;
And, we'd be but senseless dummies
  With no burden, care or doubt,
No experience suggesting,
  Themes for noble tho'ts about!

APR 23 1944

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Hoosier Advertiser

NEWSPAPER OF THE M. O. WORLD

SERIAL RECORD
APR 28 1948

Vol. 4. No. 6. TERRE HAUTE, IND. Dec-mber 1933

H. J. KELLOGG

Mgr WIDE WORLD SUPPLY Co. 207 N. Illinois, Indianapol's

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We thank Mr. Debney for the opportunity through this paper of wishing our many friends in the M. O. field our season's greetings.

As the old year draws to a close and a new one dawns, one that looks brighter than the past few, we cannot help but feel glad that we kept our chins up, looked the world in the face and refused to let old man depression get us down. True, your business and our business has been slow, but lets forget money value and remember all the new friends we have made, the old ones we have kept and rejoice, for after all friendship is priceless.

So once again we sincerely wish you a Merry Christmas & a Happy New Year."

A. O. ZARNOW

Publisher MONEY GETTER
Route 4, Houston, Texas

With kindest thanks to H. A. I wish all my friends and those to be, a very Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year. During the coming year I hope to pledge myself to prompt honest service

MR. W. SCHAEFER

Publisher of STIXO CHAT
2015 Palmetto, Brooklyn, N. Y.

See Page Five

MERRYCHRISTMAS

AN APPRECIATION

We take this opportunity in wishing all our good readers and our many loyal friends a most merry Christmas and also offer thanks for all past favors which was shown us during the past few months. May we hope to serve you during the coming year with a greater H. A.

MR. J. L. LEVINE

Gen Mgr IMPERIAL Products Co', 56 W. 24th St., New York.

"Business men everywhere, and especially mail order men, should not let up going after business. Now is the time when people everywhere are awakening to the fact that our country is not 'going to the dogs', that conditions everywhere are brighter than heretofore, and they are not afraid to purchase the things they need and want. Conditions for everyone for 1934, look most promising indeed."

REX B. WOOD

The HELP-U MAN
631 Elkhart Street. Gary, Ind.

We are pleased, through the courtesy of this paper, to extend greetings to the many folks in Maildom and wish for you—health, happiness and heapin' success in 1934.

PERSONAL MOVIES

CLARENCE C. DRY. Editor,
Sippo Lake, Canton, Ohio

"I am happy to extend greetings to the many readers of the HOOSIER ADVERTISER with cordial good wishes for the year 1934 which is 'just around the corner.'

That there are better times in store for all during the coming year, I believe there is no doubt. But good times do not come to those who sit around and wait for them. Rather, by making the very most of every opportunity we make better times for ourselves—so begin now to improve yourself and make the most of 1934."

GOOD NEWS

F. H. GILBREATH, Publisher,
424 W. Peachtree, Atlanta, Ga.

We know this is the season of the year when you will be receiving many messages of good cheer and best wishes. Allow us, although a comparatively new friend and we hope a permanent one, to add our warmest greetings of the season with the hope that 1934 will bring the fullest measure of developement and success to Mr. M. P. Debney and his able corps of assistants.

"Merry Xmas & a Happy New Year" to a Hoosier from a Georgia Cracker!

A. H. KORY

And Others On Page 5

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APR 28 1944

HODGE PODGE

Copyright 1933 by M. Blodgett

A SPECIAL DEVOTED TO THE BLIND

MARION BLODGETT, Editor

Vol. 3, No. 3 | Published at 100 West Houston Street, NYC. | June, 1933

GIVE A MAN A CHANCE

Arthur A. Frickholm

When a man is up against it
And hasn't got a friend,
When he's out of work and money
And has almost reached the end,
Don't turn your back upon him
Or cast a scornful glance—
For he may have done as well as you,
If he only had the chanee.

What if his clothes are shabby
And his features hard and tough—
Who knows but what this very man
May not be a diamond in the rough.
Don't judge him by appearances,
As many others do,
But listen to his story first,
Then let your judgment guide you.

Editor's Note. Mr. Frickholm, a member of the Hodge Podge, conducts The Blind Art Shop, at 94A Boston Road, Larchmont, N. Y. Mr. Frickholm has written a considerable number of poems, some of which have appeared in magazines devoted to the Blind. "Give a Man a Chance" was written about two years ago, and has appeared in several magazines for the blind. The poet thinks it particularly appropriate to this time of stress and strain, when, as he says, so many persons who were formerly in comfortable circumstances now find themselves in dire want of the necessities of life.

Mr. Frickholm and Henry I. Marshall, a popular song writer, have collaborated on the writing of a song, Arm in Arm, which is being used as a sign-off song for Mr. Marshall's radio programs. These programs are presented on Station WINS on Thursday mornings at 11:30 and at WPCH on Sunday mornings at 9 o'clock. The song will be published within a few weeks.

"CADENCES," A MAGAZINE OF VERSE CRITICISM. Edited by Marion Blodgett. First number out in April. Something new in the literary line. Brilliant writers. Department for Collectors. News items from all the worthwhile literary groups. 10c a copy. Send coin or stamps to M. Blodgett, 100 W. Houston St., N.Y.C.

Notice. Beginning with the April number, Hodge Podge has a Braille edition, in charge of Mr. Di Sessa and

MUSIC WRITING FOR THE BLIND

By *Andrea Di Sessa*

It was in the year 1922 that I first became conscious of the need for an improved system of writing for the blind. My blind pupil, Mr. Alfred Giuffre, made the first practical suggestions, along this line. And out of those suggestions has grown, little by little, our now completed system of music-writing for the blind, the Giuffre-Di Sessa System.

The Braille writing had been adapted to music-writing, and had been used for sometime. But it is a cumbersome system, costly in the matter of time and paper, and extremely complicated, especially for the beginner.

It so frequently happens that the teacher of the blind, in the matter of music, is a person with sight, who knows little or nothing of Braille. His only contact with the blind person is in the matter of conveying musical knowledge to the sightless pupil and he finds himself in a position where he and his pupil do not even call note-positions by the same name. It is argued by certain interests that the blind be taught only by teachers especially prepared to teach them. But this is not a practical arrangement and would cut the talented blind pupil off entirely for the best teachers and would tend to thoroughly institutionalize the teaching of music to the blind.

The old Braille writing, as applied to music, is represented in a very limited number of compositions, the modern composers being, for the most part, unrepresented. And this poverty of compositions is a serious handicap to the blind musician trained in the old system.

We have succeeded in making our system of writing music so simple and natural that it is applicable to all compositions and makes unnecessary the knowledge of a special system of music-writing by the busy sighted teacher with only one or two blind pupils. Thus the whole field of modern music is open to the blind pupil, with the help of an ordinary teacher, and the blind pupil is saved from the danger of institutionalism with its deadening effect upon the mentality.

"RONDEAU," by Andrea di Sessa is the first musical publication of Hodge Podge. It is an interpretation for violin and piano of "God is Real," a Rondeau by John B. Roll, originally published in July 1931 Hodge Podge. Regular price 50c. Special to our Readers 25c (coin or

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 28 1944

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HODGE PODGE

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DEVOTED TO HODGE PODGE CULINARY MATTERS

MARION BLODGETT, Editor

Vol. 3, No. 5 | Published at 100 W. Houston St., New York | Aug. 1933

Hodge Podge Salad
By Marion Blodgett.
Romaine Leaves (green)
Sliced Sturgeon - Russian smoked
Sliced raw onions.
Cut'd peas and diced carrots --
Garnish with watercress or celery
Season only with lemon juice

* *

Large, flat white onions should be used, if possible, as they are not too strong. A little pat of mint jelly, placed on or near the salmon, forms an attractive color note.

Gluten bread, which is nourishing, but non-fattening, and tea with honey should be served.

WEIGHT CONTROL

By Frank Baldwin

My mind does not run to fancy dishes. Instead, I have made a study of food with the idea of controlling weight. I found myself growing a trifle too heavy — a result of indulging in the delicious concoctions invented by my brother and sister Hodge Podgers. So I set about to study the subject of scientific weight control.

In general any person in ordinary good health can increase his weight by consuming starches and fats. Or if desirable, he can lose weight by omitting these articles from his diet. Where any special maladjustment has taken place, of course, no general rules apply.

Bread, especially the white-flour product of the cities, is to be avoided by one who would be slender. Butter, cheese, milk and fatty meats must all be deleted from the diet, also.

For one who is under-nourished, whole-wheat bread, limburger cheese and raw onion form an ideal diet.

SCIENTIFIC DIET

By C. M. Blodgett

My study of diets and dietary facts has had nothing to do with the weight problem. No special conditions of health had to be considered, either in my own case, or in cases under my observation. We are all persons of temperate habits, actively engaged in shop work, energetic men, ranging in age from 35 to 50. No women or office workers were studied.

For the purposes of our study, foods were divided into three classes: 1—Starch (bread, rice, potatoes, spaghetti, etc.); 2—Neutral (lettuce, tomatoes, fruits, berries, etc.); 3—Protein (meat, fish, milk, cheese, eggs, etc.).

The main secret of our diet is that starches and proteins should not be mixed, especially at the same meal. The reason is that the two classes of foods require entirely different conditions and chemicals during the process of digestion. The second class, neutrals, can be eaten readily with either Class 1 or Class 3.

The results obtained from the strict adherence to this diet over a period of about two years are most gratifying to all concerned.

Blue Moon Salad
By Marion Blodgett
(By courtesy of Mrs. H. Smith.)
Long leaves of lettuce.
Whole slices of pineapple.
Sliced bananas used as a border around pineapple.
Mound of Mint Jelly in centre - Candied Cherry

* *

Only the juice of the pineapple is used for flavoring. Canned pineapples are best for this purpose, as they are less astringent.

Whole wheat bread, pistachio butter. Coffee.

This salad meal is served upon a large plate, generally square. The lettuce leaves should be decidedly green, and not what are known as "hearts". The butter is made from a base of uncolored vegetable butter, to which pistachio flavoring is added. This gives the necessary touch of color and flavor to the dish.

"RONDEAU," by Andrea di Sessa is the first musical publication of Hodge Podge. *It is an interpretation for violin and piano of "God is Real," a Rondeau by John B. Roll, originally published in July 1931* Hodge Podge. *Regular price 50c. Special to our Readers 25c. — coin or stamps. M. Blodgett, 100 W. Houston St. N.Y.C.*

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 28 1944

HODGE PODGE

Copyright 1933 by Marion Blodgett

DEVOTED TO THE POETRY OF JOHN B. ROLL

MARION BLODGETT, Editor

Vol. 3, No. 6 | Published at 100 W. Houston St., New York | Sept. 1933

JOHN B. ROLL

John B. Roll, one of the original Hodge Podgers, is a poet of the greatest versatility. His deft handling of the lighter forms of verse is equalled only by the depth, vigor and artistry of his serious poetic endeavors.

Roll's poems have been published in many national magazines and have elicited favorable comment from critics and public. Collectors of poetry have formed The Roll Club in his honor. Readings of his poetry and discussion of its merits as well as the collection of Rolliana are the objects of this club. Andrea Di Sessa, the composer, is President.

RONDEAU

"God is real, there is no brink!"
Introspectively I think,
While contemplating genius' dreams
So manifest in great machines,
From innate power of man to think.

For science is to analyze.
The earth, the sea, the starry skies,
And prove by evolution's schemes:
God is real.

From protozoa and animalcule
That came when earth began to cool
And up through all the primate line,
Of man-like apes of ancient time,
There is one truth that dominates:
God is real.

John B. Roll

From the July 1931 Hodge Podge — Reprinted in January 1933 Blue Moon.

* *

"RONDEAU," by Andrea di Sessa is the first musical publication of Hodge Podge. *It is an interpretation for violin and piano of "God is Real," a Rondeau by John B Roll, originally published in July 1931* Hodge Podge. *Regular price 50c. Special to our Readers 25c. — coin or stamps. M. Blodgett, 100 W. Houston St. N.Y.C.*

THE CANDLES

One night I went into a church
And sat before the Cross,
I saw the little candles burn
Away their silver dross.

And then I thought that life must be
A deathless candle flame
That burns away impurity
And leaves a shining name.

John B. Roll

From Poet's Friend, January 1933

THE CUSTOMERS' MAN

There was a young lady, Marie,
Who hailed from the town of Capri;
She took a big flier
In stocks soaring higher
And all she has left now is me!

John B. Roll

From the July 1931 Hodge Podge

There was a young lady from Cin.,
Who played all the ponies to win.
She lived high and fast,
Till her horse came in last.
And now she's back living in sin.

John B. Roll.

From the October, 1931 Axios Review

REVEILLE

Drink in the sun— and quaff the light!
The radiant energy of time.
A million. million lives have sought
This bright elixir — so divine.
And from this golden chalice held
Aloft in morning in the sky,
Great inspiration comes to us,
A muted, atavistic cry.
The screaming colors of the dawn
In shaded harmony combine
In exultation of the morn
To drag me from my bed's recline.

John B. Roll

#12

CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 28 1944

HODGE PODGE

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DEVOTED TO THE RAVEN POETRY CIRCLE

MARION BLODGETT, Editor

Vol. 3, No. 7 | Published at 100 W. Houston St., New York | Special Mid-Sep., 1933

THE RAVENS

The Raven Poetry Circle was founded by Francis Lambert McCrudden, one of the best known poets living in Greenwich Village. The members of the circle, besides the founder, are: Jack Sellers, Boris Todrin, Ruth Rappaport, Ruth Schmerler, Jane O'Ryan, Vincente G. Beltrone, Margaret George Carvell, Margeurite George, Anca Vrbovska, and Harendranath Maitra, Brahmin philosopher. These poets all enjoy a high standing in literary circles. Unfortunately, lack of space prevents our printing any but the few selections given below.

SUNSET IN THE TENEMENTS

When dim Weehauken, on the Jersey shore,
Thrusts up its hills to hide the setting sun,
And all the blue-green western heavens are tipped
And streaked with shimmering shafts of red and gold;
The toiling tribes that pack the tenements,
Rush to the roofs and stoops and fire escapes.
Or leaning from the windows, skyward gazing,
Survey the glorious scene with rapt delight.
Not now, for them, the gaudy lithograph,
The ten-cent "Sunset" on the kitchen wall.
While nature tints the vast expanse of heaven,
With hues no mortal brush can ever match,
Spellbound they watch the ethereal wonderland,
Its blending purples, golds, and hyacinths;
Watch till the last faint glowing colors fade,
And vanish in the inky gloom of night.

Francis Lambert McCrudden

* * * *

SONG

When the tall grasses
Sway in the moonlight
And the leaves whisper
Among themselves,

The little crickets
Sing their night song
And the white lilies
Perfume the shadows.

Margaret George Carvell

THE SEEDPOD

Oh, I'm a poor one;
That you'll be knowing,
If you should ask me
Where I'm going.

I'm like a seedpod,
Across the fields blowing;
No sower counts me
In with his sowing.

But I'll find a hollow
Before the snowing;
And after the winter
Green shoots I'll be showing.

Margaret George Carvell

* * * *

LINES TO AN OLD HULK

She lay upon her old worm-eaten side;
Her ribs threw phantom shadows on the sand,
And as I passed, a thousand voices cried —
Ten hundred voices of a cut-throat band.
The "Jolly Roger" lacked her ancient mast;
Sound, as of clinking gold was in the air.
I faltered, but new courage came at last.
Invadingly, I sought the pirates' lair.
And there, I joined as motley a brazen crew,
As ever shipped to sail the seven seas;
They handed me a cutlass and I slew
From old Cape Horn to the New Hebrides.
Then I awoke — gone now the pirate band,
Just I, a hulk, and shadows on the sand.

Jack Sellers

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#13

HODGE PODGE

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A SPECIAL DEVOTED TO AMATEUR JOURNALISM

MARION BLODGETT, Editor

Vol. 3, No. 8 | Published at 100 W. Houston St., New York | October, 1933

AMATEUR WRITERS

We know that ours are faltering feet
That tread uncertain land,
Yet we are armed with loyalty
To shield our little band.
And should the wolfish lords ahead
Devour us in the field--
The least of us shall first have bled
When we submit to yield.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD APR 28 1944

Stella V. Jones

* *

THE CRITIC

God worked for an age on a poet,
But the devil was wonderfully wise.....
For he made in the years that God labored
Ten thousand that could criticize.

Ben H. Smith

THE N. A. P. A.

The National Amateur Press Association, which recently held its 58th annual convention at the Hotel New Yorker, New York City, is one of the oldest associations of writers in the United States.

It grew from a small club of a few boys who met in Philadelphia, to its present standing and importance, largely through the unselfish efforts of its presidents of past years, and recently through the almost Herculean labors of Edwin Hadley Smith.

At present, the association has about fifty small publications of diverse character, which are mailed to members all over the country through the mailing bureau.

Most of the papers are edited and published by the same person, but in one notable instance, that of the Watch Tower, this is not the case. The Watch Tower, undoubtedly, will go down in history as an example of a team-work rare in amateur journalism.

Some of the most widely known writers of the N. A. P. A. group are Mary Morgan Ware, Katherine K. Rucker, Reinhardt Kleiner, Pearl K. Merritt, Stella V. Jones, Rev. Eugene B. Kuntz, Alexander Ostrow.

Some of the best-known papers are C. W. Smith's "Tryout", Haggerty's "Leisure Hours", Robert L. Mosher's "The New Amateur", C. W. Walton's "Tiny Tim", Ralph W. Babcock's "The Red Rooster" and the various publications of G. W. Trainer, Jr.

The Hodge Podgers who have become members of the N. A. P. A. are Ben H. Smith, Carolyn McCully and Ye Ed. Stella V. Jones, another Hodge Podger, has long been a member of the Association. When last heard from, three other H. P.'s were on the point of joining—they are Helen Di Sessa, Andrea Di Sessa and James A. Stephens, of Jonesboro.

* *

TO QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

Who died in France 1918

How can it be?
Or could the hand of death been pushed aside
Ere it had found you, and smiling died.
In one short hour is victory crucified?
God grant there may
From thy brave dust arise the flower of peace
To blossom in a land where fate shall cease
Midst fields of green— you were so fond of these.
So friend and foe,
Wounded alike and weary of the shell,
Pausing a while the simple rites to tell,
Let fall their tears for one whom earth loved well.

Ben H. Smith

THE HODGE PODGE MAGAZINE

The Hodge Podge Magazine is the official organ of the Hodge Podge group, and is devoted to the interests of the group, carrying news to the members and printing their works, both poetry and short prose articles. Occasionally the magazine is decorated by illustrations, but as a general rule, beautiful printing is its only embellishment.

The Hodge Podge is distributed by the Mailing Bureau of the N. A. P. A. and to the members of the Hodge Podge group and allied groups.

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#14

HODGE PODGE

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DEVOTED TO JONESBORO, ILLINOIS

MARION BLODGETT, Editor

Vol. 3, No. 9 | Published at 100 W. Houston St., New York | November, 1933

LINCOLN AT JONESBORO

What were you dreaming of the day
You looked across our square?
The hand of fate you could not stay;
The cross you could not bear?

A champion of the people's woes,
Your speech sewed slavery's shroud;
Already in the South arose
The gathering battle cloud.

You came, a prophet to inspire;
And all must heed you when
Your voice flashed as a sword of fire
And stirred the hearts of men.

What were you dreaming of that day,
O, prophet wise and just?
'Tis meet that at your shrine we lay
This bit of Jonesboro dust.

Ben H. Smith

From the Jonesboro Gazette, Jonesboro, Ill.

PN 4827 .J228 N4

Ben H. Smith

* * * *

TWO NATIVE SONS

Ben H. Smith and James A. Stephens, both Hodge Podgers, are two native sons of Jonesboro, Ill., who are known in literary circles all over the country.

Ben H. Smith, who has been called the "Bobby Burns of America", specializes in songs of the soil. Like the original Bobby Burns, his poetry has both music and humor and has inspired composers to the creation of melodic gems. His main composer, Andrea Di Sessa, also a Hodge Podger, is at work at present on eight compositions based upon Ben's poems.

James A. Stephens, who has been for years the principal illustrator of Ben's poems, is a landscape artist of considerable note. He is a poet in his own right and one of the original contributors of Stella V. Jones' Poet's Friend. An early number of the Hodge Podge is scheduled to be decorated by Mr. Stephens' poetry, in his own handwriting.

A COUNTRY EDITOR

Mr. A. S. Tibbets, the veteran editor of the Gazette of Jonesboro, Ill., is the man responsible for setting Ben H. Smith's foot upon the first rung of the ladder of success. Ben's first poems were printed in the Gazette in the autumn of 1918. Since then, Ben has become a nationally known writer and Mr. Tibbets has had the pleasure of seeing his choice vindicated.

The editor of the Jonesboro Gazette has had a career typical of that of editors of country newspapers in America. Born in a small town, he early started his travels, working in various capacities upon all kinds of papers, until he became the editor of one of the large dailies. In his old age he retired to the comparative quiet of Jonesboro where he immediately became a noted figure in local affairs.

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HODGE PODGE

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APR 28 1944

DEVOTED TO FRANCIS LAMBERT McCRUDDEN

MARION BLODGETT, Editor

Vol. 3, No. 10 | Published at 100 W. Houston St., New York | December, 1933

WITH APOLOGIES TO FRANCOIS VILLON

Ill fares he that doth spend his cash
In youth on many a pert Yvonne;
So that he needs must beg for hash
In age, when youth and cash are gone.

F. M. McC.

FRANCIS LAMBERT McCRUDDEN

Francis Lambert McCrudden, the founder of the Raven Poetry Circle, has been called a quasi-Bohemian, by elements that consider Bohemianism the apex of desirability.

Francis Lambert McCrudden

He is no Bohemian, either quasi or full-fledged. He is a man of quiet, scholarly tastes, with a decided leaning towards archeology and the classics. His poetry is the poetry of moods, the concrete expression of sentiments, either fleeting or deep-rooted. Humor and sadness, reveries and whimsicality blend in his verses.

He lives in a curiously quaint apartment in romantic Minetta Street, surrounded by his books and drawings, and writes his poems upon a huge drawing-table decorated by the names of many poets. The room itself is reminiscent of one in an old English inn, with tiled floors, carved woodwork and leaded-glass windows. The velvet hangings, of a deep red and black, have been celebrated in poetry by Vincent Beltrone, another Raven. The famous cat, Phyllis, inspiration of many poets, is mascot of the Raven Poetry Circle and chief decorative note of the apartment.

Mr. McCrudden has recently become an assistant editor of Cadences, in charge of Roman History and the Classics.

* * * *

SUNSET IN THE TENEMENTS

Francis Lambert McCrudden

When dim Weehauken, on the Jersey shore,
Thrusts up its hills to hide the setting sun,
And all the blue-green western heavens are tipped
And streaked with shimmering shafts of red and gold;
The toiling tribes that pack the tenements,
Rush to the roofs and stoops and fire escapes.
Or leaning from the windows, skyward gazing,
Survey the glorious scene with rapt delight.
Not now, for them, the gaudy lithograph,
The ten-cent "Sunset" on the kitchen wall.
While nature tints the vast expanse of heaven,
With hues no mortal brush can ever match,
Spellbound they watch the ethereal wonderland,
Its blending purples, golds, and hyacinths;
Watch till the last faint glowing colors fade,
And vanish in the inky gloom of night.

* * * *

ON A PICTURE OF MADAME DU BARRY

Poor Marie Jeanne! Had you but known the stings
That wantonness inevitably brings,
How for each "joy" with blood you would atone,
No treacherous "primrose path" your feet had known.

F. M. McC.

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#16

HODGE PODGE

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DEVOTED TO GUEST ARTISTS

MARION BLODGETT, Editor

Vol. 3, No. 11 | Published at 100 W. Houston St., New York | January, 1934

COULD WE HAVE PLAYED

Could we have played, as children hand in hand
Across the verdant fields of our delight,
Comparing findings, telling dreams,
And childish strugglings upward toward the light,
Our days had been as mellow amber light
Suffused with faintest tint of lovely rose
And we'd have gathered, breathless with delight
The things of which no plodding mortal knows.

— Margaret Lockerbie Richards

MODERN

Leap, youth, and shout to a new tune!
Under the same sun, the same moon.
The world has turned a fresh page,
No one can bring back spent age.

Shout, youth, paint your fantastic urges!
Soon enough the design melts, merges.
Fling your brush wide, make the color stab!
Your granchildren will find it—drab.

— Faith Vilas

TALONED NIGHT

By Frances Davis Adams

This night has claws to tangle in my hair
And clutch my clothing, pulling it awry.
Dull, futile claws that grope through pregnant air
Or hover in a corner of the sky
To swoop upon my unsuspecting head
And drag me shrieking through the thickened dark
Where winking stars unceasing whirl and shed
Their whittled points within a primrose arc

This is the hour to climb the thunder's back
And race before the talons of the night
Outstretched across the slender, scar-like track
The lightning made for her own wild delight.
This night has claws; my heart has felt their string
And cowers in my breast, a stricken thing.

IN LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 28 1934

A BALLADE TO NEW YORK

Written after reading Frank Baldwin's A Ballade of New York

The village green for long has known,
From this day back to yester-year—
Over the rail and country 'phone,
To eyes that stare thru thick veneer,
A plea repeating loud and clear
That city strife the world would know—
And then the market turned to stone.
But alas, alack! Still they go!

At first they lived a pleasure-zone,
But later sought the briny pier,
The lowly cot of foreign crone
Where come to birth, devoid of cheer,
Wild tunes, mad oaths, from filthy beer—
And, oh, New York, you simply jeer;
The lame, the halt—you mock them so.
But alas, alack! Still they go!

From where the bluebirds sweetly drone,
Bringing word that joy is near,
Where songs match Rudy and Berlin's own,
Scraping the sky God's peaks appear,
To hovels where the demons leer
And breed the rats for gutter low;
Here lurks the core of graft and fear.
But alas, alack! Still they go—!

ENVOY!

But alas, alack! Still they go:
Comrades! Come and let us rear
A dam to break this spell of woe
That lures our men where dreams grow sear
But alas, alack! Still they go!

— Katharine K. Rucker

— Decorations by Gerald FitzGerald —

#17

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 28 1944

HODGE PODGE

MARION BLODGETT, Editor

Vol. 4, No. 1 Published at 100 W. Houston St., New York City Copyright 1934 by Marion Blodgett April, 1934

THE HOMESTEADER

My tired horse, slow-plodding up the hill,
Came round the bend upon a homestead place,
And there, chair tilted back against the sill,
A man sat, with a smile upon his face.
He waved at me, and told me to come in,
And rest my horse, and have a bite to eat;
I led my pony to a well-filled bin,
And then came back and took the proffered seat.
We chatted there until the sun went down,
I knew I had to be upon my way,
And as my pinto ambled back to town,
I lingered with my memories of the day,
True happiness, this strange man taught to me,
Is to be had wherever we may be.

Olive Scott Stainsby

GUPPY LOVE

By Bob Gilmore

Very few people know the emotional depth of a guppy, yet the guppy is an integral part of our social system and a very important factor in the daily lives of approximately five millions of people. Why this ignorance? Why go on blindly trying to solve the ills of the world when this knowledge of the guppy, is as yet, in the minds of only a privileged few.

As scientists, we must start at the beginning and let the truth lead us where it will.

From 1840 to 1850, Boum-Boum conducted guppy experiments at Chateauneuf, under the auspices of the King of Graustark. He arrived at one conclusion and definitely established the scientific truth that two big guppies would raise hell over one little guppy. But Boum-Boum did not stop there. Like a true scientist, he asked "Why?" All those familiar with Boum-Boum's life and work, will recall his twenty-four volume pamphlet entitled: "Why?" That's Why?

Boum-Boum in volume 18 says: "I placed Ignacio and Yosef in separate peanut-butter jars filled with tepid water. Then I took Yvonne from the hydrogen peroxide bottle and put her in a pale green mason-jar. These I arranged in the form of a triangle on the cookie-shelf in the pantry. Possibly the environment had a bearing on what followed. It seems, in retrospect, so incredible, yet, Loping Llama, my Indian guide in the spirit world, will substantiate my story.

"Three days and nights, I watched Yosef and Ignacio hurl themselves against the glass walls of their prisons, while Yvonne disported herself placidly, seemingly quite aloof from their mad ragings. On the third night, I noticed Yosef was becoming quite exhausted—his plunges were less violent; his blazing eyes were only a flicker in the peanut-butter jar. Ignacio seemed to be stronger. He glubbled challenges and swaggered insolently. Then I fell asleep.

"When I awoke, it had happened—this incredible thing. The aloof Yvonne and Ignacio were cavorting side by side, in Ignacio's jar. How? What? Why?"

Boum-Boum ended his observation in this characteristic manner. This intellectual challenge can have only one answer: "Guppy love is the only true love."

HOLLYWOOD

Stark tragedy is gazing from the eyes
Of little maidens here, whose tender years
So ill bespeak their sullen look, so wise
And disillusioned, hearts deep-filled with tears.
They daily trudge forth to the market place,
To barter off their souls if needs must be,
In order that their slender form or face
Receive the much desired publicity.
This city of the Cinematic dreams
So often means the acme of despair,
Instead of happiness, comes only schemes
Of avarice, and lust and greed to bear,
Strive to out-do each other in some way,
To feel the thrill of Star-dom some far day.

Olive Scott Stainsby

THE FORGOTTEN MAN

I'm the man they talked about,
In language quite emphatic,—
And I'm the guy that got left out
When things went *Democratic*.

—Ben H. Smith

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LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 28 1944

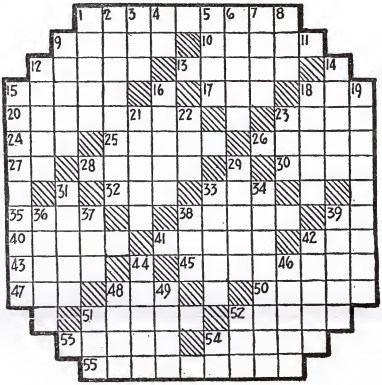
HODGE PODGE

Copyright 1934 by Marion Blodgett

DEVOTED TO THE HODGE PODGE GROUP

MARION BLODGETT, Editor

Vol. 4, No. 2 | Published at 100 W. Houston St., New York City | May, 1934



MAKE YOUR OWN CROSS WORD PUZZLE

* * * *

THE HOMESTEADER

My tired horse, slow-plodding up the hill,
Came round the bend upon a homestead place,
And there, chair tilted back against the sill,
A man sat, with a smile upon his face.
He waved at me, and told me to come in,
And rest my horse, and have a bite to eat;
I led my pony to a well-filled bin,
And then came back and took the proffered seat.
We chatted there until the sun went down,
I knew I had to be upon my way,
And as my pinto ambled back to town,
I lingered with my memories of the day,
True happiness, this strange man taught to me,
Is to be had wherever we may be.

Olive Scott Stainsby

HIGH FAITH

Have you seen,
Have you thrilled
To the glory
Of a star
Above pointing pines?

Have you thought,
Have you loved
How they point
Upward still
When the the star never shines?

Then thrill to
The grandure
Of the faith
Of a soul
Which, bound to the sod,

Still worships
And raises
Its arms
To the sky.
Feeling for God.

Carolyn McCully

* *

TO STELLA V. JONES

The Prosperine of the Disciple of The Muse

BY ROBERT V. REEVES

If you have not recently read Leigh Hunt's lovable "Abou Ben Adhem", get it and read it again, tonight, for certainly Abou has his conterpart in the person of our "Prosperine". Not that we can say that Prosperine does not love the Lord but that she loves her fellow men and women. Here is a woman you may not know, but you should know her; a woman with a heart big enough to be mother to the whole world; a woman who finds time to make a home, to love every child in the neighborhood, to raise flowers and distribute them all over the country; to write poems by the hundred, to edit a magazine of poetry and to keep up a correspondence that would dismay a half-dozen secretaries. A woman who has found beauty and hope and faith in life, and wants to share with the whole world. A poet whose poems will touch your heart with their sweet simplicity and faith; and with it all, Stella V. Jones has fine, deep understanding of humanity, its greatness and its weakness.

#19

HODGE PODGE

Copyright 1934 by Marion Blodgett

A MONTHLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS
OF THE HODGE PODGE GROUP

MARION BLODGETT, Editor

Vol. 4, No. 3 | Published at 100 W. Houston St., New York City | June, 1934

LOVE SONG
("Sour Grapes.")

When I pass singing on my way,
I think not, dream not of her—no indeed.
Burns she with jealousy? Well, well she may.
I mind my own affairs and give no heed.
If in my song she fancy that she hears
Some note of sadness or some trace of tears,
It is my whim—not that my heart is sore,
For as to that, I care for her no more.

And if they say I drive a cynic trade,
It is time's fault, not her's who love betrayed.
Or if I call on death where e'er I rove,
What matters that to her—Am I her love?

— *Seraphin A. Busacca*

(From THE RAVEN ANTHOLOGY)

* * * *

THESE DETESTABLE MEANIES!

By Irl Morse

Editor of Better Verse.

Verse-writing would be more fun had a critic never been born.

And my friends — what in the world good are critics anyway? A poet who wishes to become popular and prominent and famous awaits the beck and call of inspiration and transcribes the golden words as they trickle forth because he sees his duty to humanity and cannot but follow the course of the righteous. Certainly no critic who has the reasoning capacity of a full-fledged moron can maintain that such a poet has a right to withhold these golden words from the masses of poetry lovers or the right to ignore the call of inspiration? But these joy-killers have the temerity even to deny this! Or at least to question it!

Anyone who thinks profoundly cannot but realize that poetry and prose are and always have been one and the same so far as inspiration is concerned. And still the questioning critic will rave and rant about inconsequential phases such as spelling! And when he tires of this he pulls his thin hair over such nonsensical discourse as unity or clarity! He tells us that it is not well to join two poems of different kinds or styles or moods together or that it is well to write poems in such a way that the interested reader may understand and appreciate them. He does not seem to be able to learn that inspiration takes care of these things.

We are told that eye-rhymes are not effective unless the reader or listener happens to be inspired in favor of the particular eye-rhymes or approximate rhymes we make may be written by one standing on one's feet as well as by one who is inspired when lying on one's belly and almost in the same breath we are told that to write the better nature poems one must understand nature or to write of life one must have lived. This and page after page of other nonsense flows from the acid pens of these critical monsters almost daily. And it is high time to write finis to their meanness!

For these reasons and countless others we believe that the best interests of poetry and poets wil be honorably and memorably served when we cast these detestable detractors from our midst and usher in the critic who understands inspiration and knows the real value of unstinted praise. These critical gentlemen are nothing less than meanies of the deepest dye and should be cast from among us and annihilated!

* * * *

JUNGLE PAYSAGE

Monkeys! Monkeys on all the trees,
the forest is alive like a hive of bees;
they are swinging, running, jumping.
On the ground, others are playing
or sitting scratching their lice,
making virtue of a vice.
Suddenly silence falls. The jungle holds its breath . .
Death
Silent as silence . . .
A fer de lance
uncoils towards a young trembling ape
shivering nape,
who, with short, advancing steps, greets his destiny.

—*The Countess Desbriere Irwin*

(From THE RAVEN ANTHOLOGY)

TO A MISSOURI POETESS
(DEDICATED TO S. V. J.)

God put a song on the lips of you.
Song of green hills that slope to meet a river,—
Song of still lanes where homelights quiver.—
Dusk of June nights that a moon shone through.

— *Ben H. Smith*

Fine printing now available to amateurs
by RICHARD BARRY, who prints Cadences, Hodge Podge and The Raven Anthology

#20

R 28 1944

HODGE PODGE

MARION BLODGETT, Editor

A MONTHLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE HODGE PODGE GROUP

Vol. 4, No. 4 — Copyright 1934 by Marion Blodgett — Published at 100 W. Houston St., N. Y. City — July, 1934

MELANCHOLY

You are a boon, soft Melancholy, wrapped
In your embrace, the world is gladly lost,
Its trivialities, its meanness trapped
And to Oblivion's dominion tossed.
The fantasies of brooding tears release
Man's images to seek a finer range.
There is no glamour in a worldly peace,
When you can bring us visions high and strange.

Within your arms we learn a mystic lore.
Philosophy becomes our closest friend . . .
There is no place for tumult any more.
One ritual is all we need attend . . .
Sweet Melancholy, your refining might
Reveals a wisdom in the cruel night.

— *Jane O'Ryan*

TOO MUCH POLITICS

By Marion Blodgett

The recent spectacle of the battle over the Fossil Library is still fresh in the minds of all the N.A.P.A. connections. It was saddening and disheartening to see life-long friends tearing into one another over a matter of policy, calling harsh names to bosom pals of half a century standing, spreading propaganda against them throughout all amateurdom and then refusing the accused a hearing.

Now that the battle is over and the smoke cleared away, is there to be peace all around? We think not. The habit of vilification grows upon those who indulge in it. And a successful onslaught, such as the recent performance, leads but to other forays and antics of like kind. Politics—that's the answer. Entirely too much politics.

The whole N.A.P.A. and all its connections are riddled with politics. Time and effort are wasted upon political connivance and jobbery, instead of being spent constructively for the advancement of amateur journalism. Nobody begrudges a Fossil his memories. We listen politely when one of the tribe tells how he swung the convention of 1883 or thereabouts. But when the schemer of yesterday or the would-be Napoleon of tomorrow distracts our attention away from our hobby, we say: "Politics! Too much politics."

OLD MEMORIES

A whippoorwill's call in the evening,
Sighing wind in the maple tree,
A rose by my window blooming—
All speak to my spirit of thee.

—*James M. Stephens.*

CAVE-MAN LOGIC

If it be true that women are inclined
To love the less, the more they're treated kind,
Why then the inference is plain enough,
To make them tender we should treat them rough

— *Francis Lambert McCrudden*

RICHARD BARRY
386 Park Avenue - New York City
FINE PRINTING FOR AMATEURS

CADENCES
A Magazine of Criticism
Marion Blodgett, Editor — 100 W. Houston St., New York City

RAVEN ANTHOLOGY
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HODGE PODGE

MARION BLODGETT, Editor

A MONTHLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE HODGE PODGE GROUP

Vol. 4, No. 5 — Copyright 1934 by Marion Blodgett — Published at 100 W. Houston St., N. Y. City — August 1934

A VISION

Out on the moonlight lake I see
  A darkly object floating,
A silhouette, in bold relief,
  Methinks it's lovers boating.

So gently do they float along,
  Love their hearts entwining,
They have forgot the time, the hour,
  And that the moon is shining.

—*James M. Stephens.*

JAMES T. FARRELL

By Bob Gilmore

Among modern authors who strive to capture rare hunks of life and forever imprison them between pasteboard jackets, James T. Farrell is perhaps the latest and most promising. Farrell's contribution to the American scene consists of, at the moment, two novels, "Studs Lonigan" and "The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan." In both of these novels, the author presents a group of young men, living in Chicago and motivated by the popular mass philosophies of our time. While the presentation might be deemed brutal by some, there can be no denial of its sincerity and truthfulness.

The author does not attempt to pile up indictments of a social system nor to preach advancement or beg for a New Deal. Yet his flat pictures will probably serve a better purpose in agitating reform than the most bombastic rhetoric could.

Mr. Lonigan and his confreres are of that unusual race the least of whom rank as king. And the flavor of this race permeates the pages of Farrell's novels like redolent cabbage. Shirt sleeves and cuspidors, beans and banshees, gang morals and "gamy" politics, easy money and "raps"; soft answers and brass-knuckles, together with the last faint shadows of departing things, compose, in part, Farrell's backdrop for the meanderings of his Chicago "Everyman." In some not-too-distant-day, our superior posterity will probably look on Mr. Studs Lonigan and his environment and ask in slightly horrified voice: "Were

PERPLEXED

I crave and must have the light of the moon
  But the clouds are out and they scowl at me.
And they hang about like an ancient rune
  Or a foreign fleet on a deadened sea.

And the palls won't move for the wind won't blow
  And the shrouds lie thick and refuse to lift
And the rain won't fall and the night moves slow.
  In the blackened sky there is not one rift.

But I want the moon and I must have light
  And the sky must clear and the wind must pass.
All eyes are asleep and the trees shed fright,
  And the ground is ice, or it may be glass.

I can't find my knife and where are my shears?
  I'd climb to the clouds and slash them apart
And set off the rain with my own hot tears
  And call to the wind till the wind would start.

And the dark would fade and the stars would shine
  And I would have light, the light of the moon;
But where are my shears or that knife of mine?
  I am as a babe with a broken spoon.

—*Jack Greenberg.*

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15 Minetta St., New York City — Francis Lambert McCrudden, Editor

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HODGE PODGE

MARION BLODGETT, Editor

A MONTHLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE HODGE PODGE GROUP

Vol. 4, No. 6 — Copyright 1934 by Marion Blodgett — Published at 100 W. Houston St., N. Y. City — September 1934

NOVEMBER EVENING

The sodden, ghostlike leaves so slowly fall.
Their very silence seems a wordless prayer,
And thoughts peer from dim shadows to recall
Mysterious dreams, from half-remembered days,
In which we walk again the old lost ways,
And see again old visions, faint but fair.

Fate could not ask a price we would not give
To feel, once more, that dreams might still come true,
The sunlit hours of youth's bright day relive,
To seek the rainbow's end, beyond the years,
Taste lips of love and laughter, after tears,
With all the rapture that our young hearts knew.

The days pass by with faces turned aside
That eyes of men their beauty may not see;
And neither joy nor grief with them abide,
But flow like water from our clinging hands,
A tide that leaves unmarked life's level sands
In days gone by, in days that are to be.

—*Herbert E. Rittenburg.*

VALPARAISO

That night in Valparaiso, Indiana,
The earth was warm with summer's dying breath;
The wind that wandered lonely on the prairie
A song was singing for the summer's death.

A cabin by the roadside was our lodging,
The cornflower nodded at our cabin door,
But Venus, Star of Love, looked thru the window,
And slept the moonbeams on our cabin floor.

That night in Valparaiso, Indiana,
Close to the earth's warm heart we seemed to lie;
Within her soft embracing arms she clasped us
And soothed us with her ancient lullaby.

Back to the earth we shall return, my darling,
Back to her ample bosom we shall go
To find the peace that passes understanding,
The dreamless sleep, that tired children know.

DREAMS FULFILLED

When wishes have at last come true,
Upon the shore of dreams,
Expectancy has bid adieu,
Left just a mask, it seems.

Dream thoughts are buried in a day,
They have but frail bird-wings,
So quickly they all fly away,
Lost in commonplace things.

But dream, and make your dreams come true,
As days and years go by,
For dreaming is to build anew;
Such joy will satisfy.

—*Mary Morgan Ware.*

SAD PIERROT

Poor Pierrot!
If you could be young,
And follow rapturous song
Always! But you have lost the glad trail.

—*Mary Morgan Ware.*

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HODGE PODGE

MARION BLODGETT, Editor

A MONTHLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE HODGE PODGE GROUP

Vol. 4, No. 7 Copyright 1934 by Marion Blodgett---Published at 100 W. Houston St., N. Y. City Mid-September, 1934

CLOUD-FACES

I watched the clouds go sailing
Across the sky so blue
And it seemed to me in every cloud
There was a face I knew.
It was not human visage
And as the clouds drew near
It seemed to me that I could find
Dames, Fury, Pride and Fear!
I watched the clouds so fleecy
Across the azure blend
And it seemed to me a voice exclaimed,
"You make your clouds, my friend!"

ROSE BARNES

NEWS NOTES

Frances Davis Adams, whose "Taloned Night" appeared in the January *Hodge Podge*, reports that she has sold a story to *The Household Magazine*.

Camille DuBarry, an ambitious young lady of Hollywood, is the author of a promising first volume of poems entitled "Challenge".

Margaret Nickerson Martin, the brilliant young author of "Three Faces", which appeared in the July *Cadences*, announces that her book of poems "Still Waters" is now ready for public sale.

The Old Chelsea Writers' Club, which meets over Cornell's Bookstore on West 23rd Street, New York City, is devoted to the consideration of the quality story. Merle Dana is Chairman and Marion Blodgett, Secretary.

The May *Tryout*, devoted, in part, to the Hodge Podge Group, was a huge success. The copies were in great demand and several of the articles have been reprinted by request.

Joe Gould, book-reviewer and author of the monumental "Oral History of My Times" is happy to announce that part of this history is to be published by Bruce Humphrey.

The music of the Singing Mountain, so eloquently described by M. Schaffer Connelly, is produced by debris sliding over thin flakes of crystalline rocks which stand on edge. The mountain is, of course, the subject of many beautiful Indian legends.

Faith Vilas, of 51 Fifth Avenue, New York City, is President of The Craftsman Group for Poetry.

ALTAR OF STONE

I will build me an altar
Warm in the sun,
Where each rock will be tempered
By waters that run.
In the curve of a hillside,
Cleared of all brash,
I will build me an altar
That will never crash.

CAROLYN MC CULLY

SINGING MOUNTAIN

Wewoke smiled, as golden sun rays gleamed
To light his pathway, winding through the dusk;
He stood with raptured gaze, for music streamed
From Singing Mountain, like perfume-of-musk
That hovers nightly on this sage-flung land
Of shining Truckee River, while it sings
Like unto music, played by angel band
Poising aloft, on eerie, mystic wings.
Then he awoke, and hurried back to tell.
The Piute Tribe of this great "wonder thing"
That now was theirs, and soon the old chief fell
To planning on a "strange, new place" to fling
Their chants of praise unto Almighty God—
Who rules the desert winds and greening sod.

M. SCHAFFER CONNELLY

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HODGE PODGE

MARION BLODGETT, Editor

A MONTHLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE HODGE PODGE GROUP

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THREE POEMS
By Mabel Celia Saunders

CHILD HAPPINESS

The clouds are high
In the blue-blue sky,
And the west wind's grasp is strong.
The grasses leap
'Neath the wind's wild sweep,
And my heart is filled with song.

HER HEART WOULD TELL YOU THIS

Ah, Love! Her heart would tell you this:
That life is sweeter for your kiss;
That she, who stored the years away,
Is fed on unseen bread each day;
That feet, which tread the path alone,
Are unaware how sharp the stone;
That when again she find your kiss,
Ah, Love! Her lips will tell you this.

POETESS TO HER DOG

Totoe! My dog! I realize
A deep devotion in your eyes;
And truly, friend, I love you more
Than all the swains that haunt my door.

SEA FEVER

Sometimes at night
When the stars blot out
And wind fingers tear at me
I raise my arms to their rough caress
And remember the tang of the sea.
For it is then
That treacherous blood
Spilled down through the years to me
Brings forth the wraith of a pirate bold
And with it, the tang of the sea.
Sometime, I vow
I shall follow him
Who rides on the winds to me
And from shackled strain of the puritan
Another shall follow the sea.

Margaret Nickerson Martin

NEWS NOTES

Mabel Celia Saunders has had four of her poems selected for inclusion in the *American States Anthology*, under the New York State division, and eight included under the Michigan-Missouri division of the Anthology, edited by W. Guy Pickens. Mabel hails from New York State, but is now a resident of Michigan.

* * *

All my regular printers have been badly hit by that sea-fever, that Margaret Nickerson Martin so aptly describes. So, George Andersen is pinch-hitting for the wanderers, printing at one clip Mid-September, October and November *Hodge Podges*. The work is done on Haggerty's press in Jersey City.

* * *

Hodge Podge is conducting a contest to decide the best poem appearing in this magazine during the year of 1934. The prize is a line cut illustration of the poem by Marion Connelly, the daughter of M. Schaffer Connelly, whose "*Singing Mountain*" appeared in Mid-September *Hodge Podge*. The judges are C. A. A. Parker, Eugene B. Kuntz, and H. P. Lovecraft.

"AMERICAN" ART

The Whitney Museum, on 8th Street, holds forth again with samples of "art" alleged to be "American". This museum always has been noted for its bad taste. A year or so ago, several truckloads of mouldy second-hand furniture were dragged out of cellars and attics and installed with great pomp and ceremony as American "antiques".

Recently, the museum has outdone even its former record. Truckloads of sticky canvasses, done in bright pinks and poisonous greens, have been hailed as "Regional" American art.

The "artists" are, for the most part, Bolshies who cannot draw even the simplest object. Their work is propaganda, and not very good propaganda at that. Visitors to the museum are repelled by the hideous daubs upon the walls and by the solemn, almost funeral atmosphere of the place.

This is a free country, of course, and the museum has an undoubted right to give space to junk and to treat it with respect. But why call the stuff "American"? And why call it "art"?

This is the same museum, by the way, that endeavored to get a slice of government money to further "American" art. In some manner or other, the alien dogs, who were to be the recipients of government largess turned upon the museum authorities and created so great a rumpus that the museum was forced to close down for a time. But that same element,—if not the same individuals,—is back again in favor, and its gummy-looking

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HODGE PODGE

MARION BLODGETT, Editor

A MONTHLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE HODGE PODGE GROUP

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THREE POEMS
By William Allen Ward

TWILIGHT IN THE GULCH

The cactus, grim and melancholy,
Stands on the desert, like a sage of
Old, pointing with outstretched arms . . .
In the gulch the loafer at twilight stabs
The black silence with dagger pointed howls . . .
Mile high a buzzard at eventide soars . . . watching . . .
Ever watching the long horn steer in the ravine . . .
The drought is taking its toll.

D A W N

Dawn is a swordsman using a
Sunbeam for a weapon who rides a
Fiery stallion over the hills driving
Back the dark batallions of night.

H Y M N S

At dawn the lark and robin sing
Glad hallelujahs far morn to herald;
Majestic hymns to God they bring,
As silver sunbeams are unfurled.
The elm and oak in silence pray;
A lowly cricket beats its cymbal,
Praising God for the new born day—
Sweet are the songs from nature's hymnal!

* * *

TO MEMORY

Thou art as mists that hang over the sea,
Thou art as clouds that hang over the mists,
Thou art as airs that I breathe into me,
Thou art as nothing, yet something persists.

MABEL CELIA SAUNDERS.

MY WISH

O' give me a home in the mountains
Where I can keep bachelor's hall.
An easel some paint and a paint brush—
And I'll ask for no more that's all.
For my heart daily yearns for the mountains—
Just to paint them,—so stately and tall.
O' give me a home in the mountains—
And I'll wish for no more that's all.
Where the sun coming up in the morning—
Shedding its golden gleam
O'er mountain top, foot hill and valley.
A garden of Eden it seems.
O' give me a night in the mountains—
With the stars for tapers tall.
Just give me a home in the mountains—
And I'll wish for no more that's all.

THE LOVED OF THE GODS

The loved of the gods die young it is said,
  Their life charts are marked and dated at birth;
  Though they tarry for years; loving this earth;
Cling with reluctant hands when life has fled;
Knowing the futile hope of tears long shed;
  Life's choicest gifts for every slightest sigh,
  The sweetest music sung for those who die,
Full knowledge locked within their hearts; though dead
Upon Olympus; their eternal youth
  Must ever give to life a fairy sheen
  They dance and sing as though they knew it not
Until the gods who love them most, in truth
  Do jealous grow, and gambol on the green
  That they may taste the joy so dearly bought.

Margaret Nickerson Martin

* * *

Lillian M. Pierce, a Hodge Podger, is gaining recognition for her work in national magazines.

* * *

Early copies of the *Raven Anthology* are getting pretty scarce these days.

ZIGEURNERWEISEN

By Carlos del Campo

Although Sarasote created many great pieces for the violin, he is remembered today, by the public, chiefly for his Zigeurnerweisen or Gypsy Airs.

This outstanding showpiece is technically so difficult that it has become a vaudeville stunt affair . . . which is very unfortunate, indeed, because all feeling is generally sacrificed to a show-off technical rendition.

Heifitz, today's most noted exponent of this masterpiece, is guilty of something of the kind, and so, also, are most of his imitators.

It was, therefore, a refreshing and elevating experience to hear this composition played with genuine Spanish verve and sympathy by a comparatively unknown violinist—Andrea di Sessa.

Di Sessa is a brilliant performer, but he does not sacrifice beauty and feeling to a clever technical performance,

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The HERALD

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FALL 1934

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THE

HOOTING OWL

An Amateur Journal

Volume II *Spring, 1934* *Number 2*

JOY OF SPRING

By Nick Parijczuk

Spring is here again. Spring! Springtime! What unseen magic lies hidden beneath the letters of that inspiring word. The mere mention of spring and the disheartened eye that has gazed on sweeps of ice and snow for many months grows brighter.

Spring! The time when all rejoice. The grass leaps forth to great the golden sun as it peeps above the rose colored horizon after months of ice and snow. The birds of the thicket awaken to a new day-a-day of joy. They sing and chirp as they go about building their nests. The flowers on the hillside rise from their winters bed to greet the warm, mellow sunshine and to perfume the air with their fresh buds.

The water in the frozen brook is so happy to catch sight of the sun that it frets and jumps to be free again. The dancing and laughing of the fairies are heard in the forest as they leap and shout for the return of Spring.

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The Headlight

Volume 3 *January 1934* *Number 1*

Happy New Year!

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APR 28 1934

"I'm Two Years Old."

"Going on Three."

YOUTH

YOUTH is not a time of life—it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips, school girl complexion and supple knees. It is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions. It is a freshness of the deep springs of life.

Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity; of the appetite for adventure over the love of ease. This is often found in a man of fifty more than in a boy of twenty. Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. People grow old only by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm, wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust fear and despair—these are the long long years that bow the head, and turn the growing spirit back to dust.

Whether seventy or sixteen, there is, in every being's heart the love of wonder; the sweet amazement at the stars, and the star-like things and thoughts: the undaunted challenge of events: the unfailing child-like appetite for what next, and a joy in the game of life.

You are as young as your faith: as old as your doubt: as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

In the central place of your heart, there is a wireless station. So long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, courage, grandeur and power from this earth, from men, and from The Infinite, so long you are young.

When the wires are down, and all the central place of your heart is covered with the snows of pessimism and the ice of cynicism, then you have grown old indeed, and may God have mercy on your soul.

—Anonymous, American Type Founders Circ.

"Small Town Stuff"

Our friend, Mr. L. T. Brooking, has, for many years, contributed some excellent articles to Nebraska Dailies and other periodicals, under the caption, "SMALL TOWN STUFF," from which we are pleased to quote in this issue.

It is a matter of education. .... In my younger days when I was preparing and laying up something for a "rainy day," the luxuries of

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MIFTH AND MARVEL. — MORAL AND MELODY — GOOD FER WOT AILS YE

The Headlight

Volume 3 April, 1934 Number 2

Easter Edition

APR 28 1944

If Jesus Had Not Risen

By Roy L. Smith in The Classmate

CONSIDER for a moment, the tremendous significance of the resurection of Jesus. No other single event of all history has had such far-reaching effects upon the progress of the race.

A little band of terror-stricken disciples, under the inspiration of their belief in the resurection, come from their hiding places and begin a campaign that shakes all Judaism.

Their belief in the fact of the resurection, transforms them from timid, unschooled peasants into flaming crusaders, planting their belief in every important city of the then known world. Converted to their faith, the most brilliant thinker, the Hebrews ever produced, becomes the leading Christian of the time, and eventually his private correspondence becomes Scripture.

The mighty Roman Empire, which had conquered the world, surrenders to this new faith and the belief in the resurrection exalts the cross above the emblems of Rome.

Upon this belief in the resurrection, a world-wide organization of devout believers, called the Church, comes into existence and develops such strength that it is able to survive the collapse of the Roman empire and tower amidst the wreckage like a mountain on a plain.

Nurtured on the belief in the ressurrection, sons of the church fling themselves into wildernesses among savage tribes, converting them to the faith and baptizing them as the sign of their belief in the ressurection. Under the influence of their new belief these savages take on civilization, become the ruling nations of the world, and, by the inspiration of the fact of the resurrection, assume the leadership of the race.

Can all of this be the fruit of a mere myth?

We Have Seen The Lord!

By Hubert C. Herring

TOO MANY of us, live most of our lives between Black Friday night and Easter Sunday morning. Our Lord is dead. His friends are defeated and scattered. His foes are proud and boastful. He has been crucified on the cross of the world's greed for present pleasure and temporary power. He has been laid away in the tomb of our forgetfulness His life is ended. His work is done. His cause is lost. Suddenly some man of faith and vision shouts,

"We have seen The Lord."

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MIRTH AND MARVEL. — MORAL AND MELODY — GOOD FER WOT AILS YE

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POEMS Of INSPIRATION EDITION

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The Headlight

Volume 3 *July, 1934* *Number 3*

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The Rubicon

When Cæsar turned his footsteps home,
From far and hostile regions,
Where he had borne the arms of Rome,
And led victorious legions,
The Roman Senators had tried
His glories to diminish,
They'd called him back, but he replied
By fighting to a finish.

He knew they did not comprehend
At all the situation,
He sought to win, and then extend
A later explanation.
And so he came, while victory
Was perching on his banners,
Amid the pomp of heraldry
And veterans' hozannas:

But jealous senators inflamed,
Had made a declaration,
That Julius Cæsar be proclaimed,
A foe of all the nation.
And, when he reached The Rubicon,
He learned their detestation,
And, how their hearts were set upon
His death and degradation.

Now should he be a vagabond,
With exiled traitors hiding?
Or fight, and let his braves respond,
While in his cause confiding?
Before, success, or else defeat,
Would greet decided action,
Behind, was cowardly retreat,
And naught of satisfaction.

At every turn, some friend would state,
Exactly what was needed;
"Advance," "Retreat," "Make haste, or "Wait!"
Vehemently they pleaded.
But since advice would make his acts
A mass of contradiction,
He vowed to guide them by the facts
Through praise or malediction.

His force was light, compared with those
Who held the reins of power,
Defeat and death like spectres rose,
The hero soul to cower.
But he had scorned thro all the past
In cowardice to quiver,
So, shouting loud, "the die is cast,"
Struck out across the river.

His courage proved him born to rule,
And live with bards and sages,
And now, his works, we read in school
Adorn historic pages.
And so, when you would enter on
Some field of high endeavor,
That seems to cross a Rubicon,
To toil or strife, forever.

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STRATOSPHERE EDITION

The Headlight

Volume 3 October, 1934 Number 4

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The Explorer

AS WE HAVE PREVIOUSLY stated, The Headlight is not a dispenser of NEWS, and in this "Stratosphere Edition," we lay no claim to issuing anything along such a line, but believe that many members of "The National" and "The United Amateur Press Associations" will be pleased to keep an edition, published by one of their own number who was on the spot of The Explorer's crash.

While perhaps, repeating general data, which appeared in the world-wide press of great dailies and magazines, we may specialize more upon the interest and excitement of the local public, which has not been so widely noted.

Early in the afternoon of Saturday, July 28th, word was 'phoned around town that the big stratosphere balloon could be seen in the northwest sky. A tiny white speck was pointed out to me as the balloon, near some small white clouds of about the same color and appearance, but the small white speck did not change form, size and position as the clouds did. I rambled down town talking with men who had seen it and pointing it out to others who had not, but soon, nearly everyone was gazing skyward to the northwest at some unobstructed corner, or listening in at some radio. While we were about one hundred miles—and later, some twelve miles distant, of course our information came, relayed from Chicago or New York, and at the scene of the wreck, one of my neighbors said "More than likely, they are selling Extras on the streets of Chicago now, telling vastly more than you and I know."

The weather was ideal for the purpose, clear and still in these parts.

While listening for all possible radio news, I soon lost interest in the monotonous (or, the mono-senic) small white speck, mentioned, for two hours or more, and about four o'clock I was surprised to note that something resembling the shape of a balloon could then be seen, with occasional flapping motion of its canvas walls. It was approaching quite rapidly and getting plainer all of the time. Occasionally, an air plane could be seen circling around it and we began to believe that it might land in our vicinity.

I was with others, around an Ex-County Surveyor. We were viewing the balloon through his telescope and there was also a good field glass being passed about in the crowd. I watched every move and finally saw it collapse and two long skeins of it seemed to drop vertically toward the ground. Mr. Billing, the Ex-Surveyor, estimated the distance at five to eight miles; we soon heard that it was six and a half, but found

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#33

The Hawthorne

"Not at the top, but climbing."

Vol. I | March, 1934 | No. 5

APR 28 1934

VOTE FOR HYMAN BRADOFSKY FOR VICE-PRESIDENT N. A. P. A.

IT IS an instinct in man to make good and in some people the urge to succeed in the insignificant past-times is as great and strong as the urge to do their best in the vital, important jobs of life.

There are several such persons among the amateur writers of the a. j. organizations, all of whom are promising candidates for the various offices; and among them there are none as young as Hyman Bradofsky who has done more in winning for themselves the respect of others, and a name worthy of one's heritage. Born with a desire for an education Mr. Bradofsky is now a graduate of college.

A word about this likely candidate for vice president in the National might be best expressed as follows: Born in New York City, March 28th, 1906. Attended the public schools of New Britain, Conn., and Connelsville, Penn. Has resided in Los Angeles, Cal., since December, 1922. Graduated from Polytechnic Evening High School, June 1924. Attended the University of Southern California. Graduated from Southwestern University School of Law, June 1929, degree Ll.B. Admitted to practice law, June 1930, From November, 1923, to October, 1929, employed by the Santa Fe railroad as general clerk and bill clerk; resigned. Is now the president of the Polytechnic Evening High School Alumni Association; member of the executive committee of the Los Angeles Junior Civic League; an active member of the three bar associations; University Alumni Association; and others of minor importance. Late word from him informs us that he has now embarked on a new career, at least for the time being. Since November 1, 1933, he has been the county law librarian, in charge of the Pomona branch, at Pomona, California. Altho the po-

HYMAN BRADOFSKY

(Continued on Page Four)

X-PN 4827 #34

The Historican

(Devoted to things historical)

No. 1 Feb. 1935

Published monthly by Robert Burns, 17 S. Smallwood St., Baltimore, Md.
Ad rates 25 words for 15c. Three insertion for price of two.
Sub. rate 25c per year.

Editorial

This our first issue is dedicated to the memory of the patriots who fought and bled to make this, our own United States the greatest country in the world. Ye Editor.

Abraham Lincoln our great Civil War President! Gettsburg address while being less than 300 words in length, still ranks as one the world's greatest orations. Part of the address is as follows "The Brave men living and dead who struggled here, have consecrated far above our poor power to add or detract."

U. S. Stamps or Foreign. No junk, 10c silver! Money refunded if not O. K. Edward J. Smeltzer, 3432 North Bodine St.. Philadelphia, Pa.

Special Mailing Offer. 200 circulars 3x6 or smaller mailed for 25c 6x9 circulars mailed for 25c a 100. Virgil Umsted, Box 214, Newport, Ark.

1000 Well Mixed Stamps 10c. 50 different U. S. stamps 10c. Special Enterprises, Summit Hill, Ohio.

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H-35

The Hooting Owl

An Amateur Journal

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 28 1944

Volume IV *December, 1935* *Number 1*

PRAIRIE ROSE

By Lilly Strand

Just a timid little wild flower
  Growing on the prairie sod,
Hiding shyly in the places
  Where no human feet have trod.

It's wee heart of gold was taken
  From a golden hued rainbow,
And its lovely, dewy petals
  From a rosy sunset glow.

Although many other flowers
  For their beauty are well-known,
Still our modest prairie blossom
  Is declared the Nation's own.

Just a little wild flower growing
  On the great wide prairie sod,
Lifting high its dainty petals
  Looking up above to God.

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THE HOOSIER SPECTATOR

Planted in the field of Amateur Journalism—the living "Spectator"

Vol. 1 WINTER, 1935 No. 2

APR 28 1949

The Last Reader

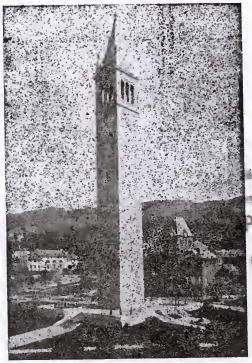
Here is the way I have rated the outstanding journals regarding literature, as a whole: 1. Voyageur; 2. The Oracle; 3. The Wolverine; 4. Chicago Amateur; 5. Commentator; 6. The Texan; 7. Bay State Bugle.

Now I will consider the writings in the journals in order of their merit: 1. "True Love's Path" (*Voyageur*) A snappy, modern story. Not a dull moment. 2. "Up Grade" (*Oracle*) Credit is due this story for vivid description of characters, action and setting. Good transition of paragraphs as regards rhetoric. 3. "Ham and Joe from Wilkes-Barre" and also Goldberg interview (*Wolverine*) Well handled. Vicarious meeting of cartoon characters in person of the cartoonist is effective. 4. "Chicago Neighborhood Scenes" (*Chicago Amateur*) Author's portrayal of character very vivid. 5. "Should We Be Humble" (*Commentator*) Logical, inspiring. 6. "A Vital Matter" (*Chicago Amateur*) Cleverly written. Portrayal of character by action. 7. "A Memoir" (*The Texan*) Instructive; good illustration of objective. 8. "The History of Wood-engraving" (*Bay State Bugle*) Piques the interest in antique methods.

4827

#37

The Home-Town News



LIBRARY OF
COMMERCE
TRIAL RELATIONS
PR 28 1944

Vol. 2. *March, 1935* *No. 1.*

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#38

THE HOME-TOWN NEWS

BENTON E. WETZEL . . . EDITOR

Vol. II. *Berkeley, California . . . May 1935.* *No. 2.*

HOTEL OAKLAND OR BUST!

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 28 1944

ADDITIONAL PLANS FOR OAKLAND CONVENTION

—N—

Further plans for the sixtieth annual convention are taking shape through the work of the Convention Arrangments Committee, recently appointed by President Babcock. The group working to make this conclave one of the most remembered in the history of the organization include Victor A. Moitoret, chairman, Fred Twining, Donald Ellis, Marion Morcom, Viola Knowlton, and Bob Briggs.

A very successful interview was held with the Oakland Chamber of Commerce. This body is going to furnish very handsome brass name plates on which is stamped the skyline of the city and which will hold the blue and gold convention ribbons of the delegates. They have also generously agreed to provide an attractive folder, on the front of which will be printed the invitations to the convention. On the inside and back are various scenic views of Oakland and the surrounding area. The Chamber of

(Continued on Page 8.)

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THE HOME-TOWN NEWS

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 28 1944

NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

AUGUST 1935

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#40

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
WASHINGTON
APR 28 1944

THE HOME-TOWN NEWS

FOR CHRISTMAS MCMXXXV

X-PN 4827

#41

The Headlight

Volume 4 *January, 1935* *Number 1*

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 28 1944

THIS ISSUE MAY PROVE to be part of a continued story which the writer has held in 'cold storage' for many years, but suitable, we hope, for inspiring New Year resolutions and improvement. Here's hope, and may it be help also for each one. The remarks do not apply to general discussion of public problems, but to narrow, personal, domestic, and neighborhood gossip, disputes and quarrels.

The didactic style—posing as an instructor—may be justly criticized, but I can only work in my own harness. I should in many cases, give credit to certain authors or to public speakers, but have, for years, attempted to gather helpful thought from all sources, and cannot always quote such names. As the Introduction to the volume, "The Royal Path of Life" says:—

We gather boquets, and roses, and flowers,
And fashion a wreath from other men's bowers,
While only the thread that binds them is ours.

We ask readers to pardon our use of the personal pronoun "I" etc. instead of the editorial "we," and are giving it as written many years ago.

So here goes, without taking any more space for apologies and for explanations.

CHAPTER I

A man made a mistake in his work, and tried to throw the blame onto others. Here is a challenge to the world for all time to come, in a contest of eloquence for each one to express his opinion of that man. If THE HEADLIGHT were a corporation as big as we might wish, with millions of surplus cash, we would suggest offering prizes, as big as ever heard of, to bring out the best talent. We are not in the contest, but can imagine the use of phrases similar to the following:—

"Block-headed, bone-headed, clabber-brained, infernal idiot;' 'No pity under any conditions.'

CHAPTER II

That man was the present writer. Charles Finney Copeland, editor of THE HEADLIGHT. And here is a challenge to the world for all time to come, to tattle about that, and do me any harm. This is no parable, nor creation of a novelist, but a true tale, extremely modern and real with me. I made a mistake and tried to throw the blame onto others, and I was found out of course. The ones I had wronged, looked at me as if saying like Dooley, "There ye air." What WAS! ! I to do? ! ? It was plain enough. Simply to follow the plan which made the publican, the despised traitor, grafter and sinner, a better man than the pharisee, the

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#42

The Headlight

Volume 4 *April, 1935* *Number 2*

Notes and Announcements

THE HEADLIGHT HAS NOT missed an issue, quarterly for three and a half years, but we have sent copies only to the Mailing Bureaus of The National Amateur Press Association, and The United Amateur Press Association for some months, as the matter published, though new to the membership of seven or eight hundred, had been published and circulated in booklet form, locally and to many friends of the editor's personal mailing-list, previously.

If he is blessed with good health for another year and a half, we contemplate binding in a heavy cover similar to Government Postal Card stock or better, the five volumes, to place in some public libraries etc., and will begin advertising them, announcing prices and terms soon, but we shall be glad to get a list of interested parties at any time.

We hope the readers will consider that the pungent, rasping phrases, in such articles as "THE CHICKEN IN THE SHELL," are used in great humility, having been very largely, ground out in the mill of the editor's own blunders, timidity, cowardice, and inefficiency. They are used, not in heartless criticism, but in desperate earnestness of sympathy for all who are striving for self-improvement and usefulness, or for others, needing kindly guidance to avoid many of our mistakes. Considering our own insignificance, these chips fly with stinging effect against our own cheeks.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 28 1944

Notes On The Chicken In the Shell

A STONE, SHIPWRECKED [illegible]AL, fort, commanding a narrow, mountain pass, MUST BE HELD for forty-eight hours at all hazards, and after that, it will be useless to the French plans. Napoleon sent La Tour du Vergne, (pronounced La TOOR du Vern) one of his most trusted grenadiers with the message. Arriving, he found the garrison had fled, hearing of the Austrian army's approach. He held the fort alone. Napoleon would never allow his name to be dropped from the army roll, and for years after he was dead, when his name was called, a grenadier would step forward, doff his cap and say, "LaTour du Vergne died at the post of duty."

Probably all are familiar with Lord Macaulay's poem of Horatius and his two comrades holding ninety thousand of the Tuscan army at bay until the Romans could pull down the bridge, and thus defend the city. If not, do not fail to read it. These incidents are referred to, and a few lines are quoted from Macaulay in the following poem, entitled

"THE CHICKEN IN THE SHELL."

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HODGE PODGE

MARION BLODGETT, Editor

A MONTHLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE HODGE PODGE GROUP

Vol. 4, No. 11 Copyright 1935 by Marion Blodgett — Published at 100 W. Houston St., N. Y. City January, 1935

HAUNTED HOUSE

By Lalia Mitchell Thornton

Here will I stay, and unafraid.
I never knew the ghost you say
Comes flitting at the close of day
Down the deep-shadowed colonade.
I have not seen her bosom stir
With breath, the lovelight in her eye,
I have not kissed her mouth, then why
Have I least cause for fear of her?

I've walked alone, familiar halls,
I've read the book my love held dear,
And felt her, in the shadow, near;
I've seen how softly moonlight falls
Upon a grave. I've turned to seek
A vanished form, I've listened then
Until I heard her voice again;
And kept the red blood in my cheek.

So prate no more of ghost, that haunts
This rambling house, and up and down
The stairway glides. Nay, do not frown,
I do not speak as one who vaunts
False courage; but I claim instead
That this unknown, can never touch
With fear my heart that loves so much,
And knows so well its own, long dead.

* * *

COMPARISON

By Margaret Spaulding

Your love was a burning, searing thing
Like flames roaring in the grate.
And as quickly spent itself, then died away.
You knew the ecstasy for just a day.
While mine was slow; and sure;
So quiet, it was but a whisper,
And being slow it will take eons to expire;
Lying within my heart like embers
Smouldering in the fire.

NEWS NOTES

By Marion Blodgett

In the April (1933) number of *Cadences*, this editor printed an article entitled *The Next Boom*. The next boom, as then predicted, was to be in government bonds. Well, that boom is now on. The present administration has closed the capital market to all offerings except its own bonds. It is even practicing a "Switch game" of such gigantic proportions that the little "investor" becomes groggy contemplating it.

The middle classes are being systematically stripped, to furnish the money for wild political spending sprees. And now the political head of the Federal Reserve, Eccles, introduces a Robin Hood note into the extravaganza. He would redistribute income! We all know what that means.

We are now rapidly reaching the condition that confronted Germany some time ago—a condition that made Hitler not only possible but necessary. Meanwhile, the *Next Boom* is now in full swing.

* * *

Andrea di Sessa, the Hodge Podge composer, announces that he has ready for publication six new compositions: a little *Rondelay;* a *Lithuanian* dance; a somber piece called *The Raven;* a very curious composition named, appropriately enough, *Hodge Podge;* a semi-military composition, *The Mad Piper*—inspired by ye editor's article of the same name; and *The Idol Smasher*, a little masterpiece, with a Chinese flavor, based upon a story of ye editor's. This story, which was read at The Old Chelsea Writers' Club last fall, was originally called *The Knock-out.* It was Mr. di Sessa who suggested the new title, *The Idol Smasher.*

* * *

And speaking of stories that were read at those sessions of the Chelsea Writers—there were at least three of outstanding merit that should appeal to editors on the look-out for good material. By far the best, was *The Coaching of Blondy,* by Merle Dana. Next in line was *The Little Old Dust Cloth Lady,* by Paul J. Watrous. Another very good story was *A Pardonable Interference,* by the artist-musician, Margeurite McFarlane.

#4/4

HODGE PODGE

MARION BLODGETT, Editor

A MONTHLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE HODGE PODGE GROUP

Vol. 4, No. 12 Copyright 1935 by Marion Blodgett — Published at 100 W. Houston St., N. Y. City February, 1935

MAKE - BELIEVE

I often ponder themes of love,
And write as if I knew
The very depths of anguish, found
In cups of bitter rue.
It seems I tear my heart to bits
With songs of deep regret,
So all my friends can sympathize
And help me to forget.
But all the while I write such things,
I'm wishing that my dreams
Would all come true—with a dashing knight
To change my doleful themes!

—*Flozari Rockwood.*

NEWS NOTES

By Frank Baldwin

Hobart L. Motsinger, of Creel Springs, Ill., was a frequent contributor to National and United magazines until a year or so ago. We have looked in vain for his delightful little stories lately.

* * *

A short time ago, I read in The New York Tribune, a story by Rupert Hughes. The publication of that story was a disgrace to any newspaper. This Hughes, if any one remembers, was boosted at one time by the New York newspapers for his vilification of Washington. Now he has turned his attention to Lincoln. That story in the Tribune had as its subject an episode in the life of the Great Emancipator, handled in the inimitable Hughes fashion.

* * *

That October Tryout, devoted mainly to the Hodge Podge group, made a hit in this part of the world. The copies were snapped up by collectors as well as by the entire Hodge Podge circle. Di Sessa's composition, "Dreams," which appeared in miniature on the front cover of the October Tryout, is scheduled for early publication in commercial form.

* * *

David Grayson writes that he is pleased with the little article on him that appeared in that same Tryout. Also, he enjoyed the magazine very much indeed, and sends his compliments to Editor Smith.

A MESSAGE OF LOVE

By Margaret Spaulding

A lily stands blooming
In a garden so fair,
Its petals are snow white
And it perfumes the air.
Standing there like a queen
On its straight, slender stem,
Gleaming in the sunshine
Like a rare, precious gem.
The thoughts of that garden
So remind me of you,
For you, like the lily
Inspire me to be true.
As the flower was sent
From the Father above;
I am sending you this
As a message of love.

* * *

The mails are literally flooded with Bolshie propaganda today. What is Farely doing about the matter? Or is he too busy sending out his own propaganda to give this condition his attention?

* * *

A week or so ago, I came into possession of a strange newspaper—called *The Catholic Worker*, an out and out Bolshie paper purported to be published by the Catholic Church authorities in the interest of Catholic working classes. Prayers, pictures of saints, vilification of J. P. Morgan, class hatred, Utopianism, Couglanism, New Dealism, anarchy, and un-Americanism are spattered in about equal portions all over this curious publication, which is hawked on 14th Street and other crowded sections by a young man supposed to be studying for the priesthood. Has the Catholic Church gone over to Communism entirely, or is this paper a fake?

* * *

A very interesting group called The New Writers' Laboratory meets on Monday evening at 8:30 P. M. at 60 West 56th Street, New York City, to read and criticize short story manuscripts. The admission fee is 25 cents.

C. M. BLODGETT
METAL PRODUCTS
100 W. Houston St. — New York City

#45

HODGE PODGE

MARION BLODGETT, Editor

A MONTHLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE HODGE PODGE GROUP

Vol. 4, No. 13 Copyright 1935 by Marion Blodgett — Published at 100 W. Houston St., N. Y. City March, 1935

UNDER THE SNOWS AND RAINS

By Margaret Spaulding

Under the snows of winter
Lay buried a spark of life,
Unseen, unheard, unnoted,
'Mid the din and whirl of strife.
Under the rains of summer
Sprang forth some grass and it grew,
Thus proving all creation
Will be born to life anew.
Under the snows and rain drops
Lies buried a passing one,
And I cry out: "He is dead!"
While an angel sings: "Well done."

THE TRUTH WILL OUT

By Frank Baldwin

On the evening of March 4th, 1935, I strolled through Fourth Street in Greenwich Village, on my way to a well-known restaurant to get a ham on rye and coffee. Along Fourth Street, going in the opposite direction, strolled Max Bodenheim, widely known in these parts as a Bolshie and a writer of filthy books. Max looked as if he had just returned from one of his periodic sprees. He was dirty, dishevelled and muttering. His face was haggard and his eye wild.

While I was having my sandwich and coffee, I noticed a write-up of Max in an evening paper belonging to a lady customer. Later, I learned that he had received another dose of publicity from practically all of the newspapers. He had appeared at a Home Relief Station, with several pickets, and had demanded "relief." Luckily, so it seems, the newspaper photographers were there also, at just the right time. After a palaver of 15 minutes or so, Max was placed upon the dole and the kind government was all set to finance him while he wrote his next filthy book. The papers wrote glowing accounts of him as a poor poet, etc.

Now, Max is an out and out Communist and his pickets are Communists. Max is an enemy of all things American. And yet, he got on the dole in fifteen minutes. Several friends and myself had just had a mighty hard job to get "relief" for an ex-soldier who was ill, broke and alone in New York. It took us five days to get a doctor to him, through the red tape of bureaucracy. What do the tax-payers think of such conditions?

(From *Private Opinion*, March, 1935)

ONE IS STRONG

By Ray H. Zorn

When tears ascend the ladders of the heart
From out the deep-bound cistern heart-break builds,
In those tight moments when a strange fate wields
A cruel hand that tears two souls apart,
The one shall stand all broken down with sobs
That rip the very soul of being. Dawn
He waits not, nor will wait; his dawns are gone:
For heart-break leaves no trinkets where it robs.

The other one can voice no ans'wring call
To soothe the mute despairing cry he hears,
Stirring the ash of what was once a song.
Merely he sees his silver towers fall
And meet decay beneath the other's tears.
For one is weak. The other one is strong.

NEWS NOTES

By Marion Blodgett

Royal J. Melville has resigned from the Musical Activities Committee of the Hodge Podge.

* * *

Bob Edwards, of Greenwich Village, illustrated a story in 1910 for the Saturday Evening Post. The author was Corra Harris, who had just published *The Circuit Rider's Wife* and who was just then rising to fame. The original contract called for illustrations for a three-part story, but the editors were so charmed by Mrs. Harris' style that they asked her to extend the story to an eight-part serial. This was done, and Bob was called upon to make the illustrations for the entire eight parts.

The heroine of the original three-part story was a slim young girl. The extended story followed the heroine's life from young womanhood until the time she became a very stout grandmother. And was that some job of illustrating? The features and likeness of the young woman had to be preserved to the very end. In real life, of course, this seldom happens, but in a serial, this course seems necessary. And matters become somewhat complicated when the slim ones develop into heavyweights with advancing years.

C. M. BLODGETT

METAL PRODUCTS

100 W. Houston St. — New York City

#46

HODGE PODGE

MARION BLODGETT, Editor

A MONTHLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE HODGE PODGE GROUP

Vol. 5, No. 1 Copyright 1935 by Marion Blodgett — Published at 100 W. Houston St., N. Y. City APRIL, 1935

CINQUAINS—

THE SEASONS

By Letitia Wing Murphy

SPRING

What is
Resurrection?
The opening flower
The awareness of new-born
thought
Yes, this!

SUMMER

Cometh
Realization,
To those who love nature
Her blessings are made manifest
By rapture!

AUTUMN

Destiny,
To go forward!
Movement is universal.
Leaving imprints of our journey
For others.

WINTER

Oblivion,
The blotting out,
Erasure of that which
Had existence,—body, soul?
Deception!

George Andersen
Printer
115 Armstrong Avenue
Jersey City, N. J.

THREE POEMS

MABEL CELIA SAUNDERS.

MIRACLE OF SLEEP

Rest, oh wearied one, thy labors o'er,
Forget the toil and strife.
Dream, my heart, and in thy rest explore
The mystery of life.
Rest, oh wearied one, in peace return
From realms so vast and deep;
Dream, my heart, and wake that I may learn
The miracle of sleep.

VIOLETS ARE SLEEPING

Violets are sleeping
Beneath each woodland tree;
Spring her watch is keeping
Over hill and lea.
Brooklet shivers, seeming,
In its icy bed,
Startled from its dreaming
Falls asleep instead.
Here then we shall tarry
And soft songs shall sing;
Strangers should be wary
In rendezvous with Spring.

TO MEMORY

Thou art as mists that hang over the sea,
Thou art as clouds that hang over the mists,
Thou art as airs that I breathe into me,
Thou art as nothing, yet something persists.

FATE

Fate is a cheat.
She promised me beauty
If I ran a mile
To meet her
In the dewy grass
At morn.
I arrived breathless,
Dishevelled,
And she gave me
A new wrinkle.

Helen McMahon.

TO POETS

O poets, fling your spears
Into the tangled years;
Their glittering tips shall pierce
the sky,
And teach the stars to deify
Eve's scalding tears.
O poets, let not guile,
Mix with your burdened smile,
That leans upon a vision bought,
Behind no shield, and with the
thought
Men may revile.

Gatha Wood Taylor.

STAR DREAMS

On the magic carpet
Laid by dusky night.
I am counting stars, dear,
Twinkling very bright.
Staring up at heaven's
Lovely midnight blue,
Wondering if you, dear,
Dream by starlight too.
Blinking little star-lamps,
Away up there, so high,
Shining out their gladness
On the summer sky.
Do you know I'm yearning,
Wishing you were near,
Sharing all this splendid
Star-shine glowing here.

Flozari Rockwood.

C. M. BLODGETT

ART METAL

100 West Houston Street New York City, N.Y.

A steady stream of new ideas translated into durable metal

#47

HODGE PODGE

MARION BLODGETT, Editor

A MONTHLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE HODGE PODGE GROUP

Vol. 5, No. 2 Copyright 1935 by Marion Blodgett — Published at 100 W. Houston St., N. Y. City MAY, 1935

THE MEDIEVAL SOCIETY OF AMERICA

By Bob Gilmore

Boston, Massachusetts, is the headquarters of an erudite and active research group—the Medieval Society of America. This society is dedicated to the study of the middle ages in all its cultural aspects. The membership is divided into Honorary and Active groupings; the active group again being subdivided into departments of specialized work. The greatest scholars and antiquarians of the Western Hemisphere contribute their discoveries to the credit of the Society, many of whose rarest treasures are kept in the British Museum in London.

A magazine—*The Speculum*—is issued quarterly for its members. It is devoted entirely to news of the latest finds and to reproductions of rare manuscripts, designs, fragments of architecture, etc. Many of the reproduced writings are in obsolete languages—ecclesiastical Latin, Anglo-Saxon and Medieval French—requiring a savant to decipher them.

NEWS NOTES

By Homer Beale

"Homesick" a poem by Ben H. Smith was published in the March number of *Country Home*. The April number of the same magazine publishes Ben's "To M.A.S." poem, in memory of his mother. This little gem was first printed in *Blue Moon*, when Ben was editor of that magazine, later in *The Greenwich Village News*, and still later, in *Cadences*.

* * *

George Andersen has been printing *Cadences* and *Hodge Podge* on Vincent B. Haggerty's press, but he wishes to announce to the amateurs that he has a little press of his own, a 5x8, and a selection of 10 point type, suitable for use in small amateur publications. We are in a position to recommend George's work to aspiring magazine owners.

* * *

George W. Trainer, Jr.'s little magazine *The Empire* is a nice job of printing. It is the product of his own "Scribbler Press".

* * *

Frank Baldwin's News Note on that *Catholic Worker* in the February Hodge Podge, brought inquiries and comments from every part of the United States. Several Catholics have promised us a full report of investigations that they are making of the situation.

* * *

Mabel Celia Saunders' poem "To Memory" which appeared in the December, 1934 *Hodge Podge*, has been set to music by Marion Blodgett, and is scheduled for an early publication in *Cadences*.

"Thrift" by Lillian Pierce which was published in October, 1934 *Hodge Podge*, was inspired by an editorial in the October, 1934 *Cadences*. These magazines were published nearly a year apart, the *Cadences* six months ahead of the date line and the *Hodge Podge* six months late. The reason for this strange condition of affairs is given by the editor as "sea-going printers".

* * *

The little flower designs which grace the spring issue of John David Adams *The Literati* are the work of Gerald FitzGerald, known for his articles and drawings in *Hodge Podge* and *Cadences*.

THREE POEMS

MABEL CELIA SAUNDERS.

LILAC TIME AT KEW

Last night amid the lilacs here
We bid a fond adieu.
Oh parting's sad and sorrowful
In lilac time at Kew.
Tonight I calm a little sigh,
Whene'er I think of you,
When fragrance beats upon the air
In lilac time at Kew.
Tomorrow I shall write, my love,
Might even haste to you—
Most anything can happen now,
It's lilac time at Kew.

ADORATION

I seek not gold to spend or hold,
Though some may so incline;
I only ask the humble task
To worship at your shrine.

SOLACE FOR COMPLAINT

Life is what we make it,
Whether joy or pain;
And the souls that live it
Cannot then complain.

C. M. BLODGETT
METAL PRODUCTS
100 W. Houston St. — New York City

#45

HODGE PODGE

MARION BLODGETT, Editor

A MONTHLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE HODGE PODGE GROUP

Vol. 5, No. 3 Copyright 1935 by Marion Blodgett — Published at 100 W. Houston St., N. Y. City JUNE, 1935

ASSEMBLED

By Faith Vilas

What becomes of the boys
That deface
With unclean word
Each sequestered place,
Who can not see blank wall or walk
Without desire to chalk
Obscene curve and symbol?
To what do they aspire
When they at last assemble
Stature and voice of men?
Are they the blind
Who raze and rend,
Seeking to end
Beauty and gentle wavs,
Poisoning the mind's food
And wielding
The axe of destruction,
But never — building?

ANSWERING

(Faith Vilas's question entitled "Assembled" in Oct. 1934 Cadences)

Eventually the boys
Who deface
With line and word
Each sequestered place,
No longer need a wall or walk
Upon which to chalk
The smug precocities.
Then on the printed page
Aspire to catch the eye
And startle plodding man,
They draw and rhyme
And seek to blaze
Before the gaze
Of ordinary clods,
Blacking on pristine page
Lines hitherto
Unlimned and sentences
They think—are now.

—Little Boy That Was.

Stella V. Jones

Stella V. Jones' "Grandmother" poem, which appeared in *Hodge Podge*, and later in *Cadences*, has been re-published in a recent number of *Pathfinder*.

HODGE PODGE NOTES

By Alden Parker

"Gonfalon" a book of poems by Margaret Scott Copeland and James Neill Northe has just been published by Thomas P. Hamm, 112 E. Transit Street, Ontario, California. There are only 250 copies in this printing, to sell at $3 each. After publication date (May 15) they will be $4 the copy. The typographical work is done by the printer of *Silhouettes*, and conforms to the same high standard. The work of Mr. Northe and of Miss Copeland is well known to Hodge Podge readers.

Andrea di Sessa, the Hodge Podge composer, played two of his own compositions—"Addio" and "Gavotte"—at the Music Room of the McAlpin, New York City, on Easter Sunday.

Easter Sunday was a red-letter day, also, in the life of another Hodge Podger, Carolyn McCully. A poem of hers was sung at the service of her church at Farmington, Maine.

Ben H. Smith announces his willingness to do typeing and revising of poetry for amateurs—in his spare time, of course. Ben's prices are reasonable and his work is very good.

The March number of the *Tryout* was devoted to Marion Blodgett, President of the Hodge Podge. The copies were snapped up as usual. Editor Smith did a very good typographical job this time and should be congratulated by all his friends.

The strange poem "Answering" printed in this number, is an anonymous contribution, mailed from Chicago, and was written as an answer to Faith Vilas' "Assembled" published in October, 1934 *Cadences*.

I WANT TO BE A FRIEND LIKE YOU

By Margaret Spaulding

You are the type of friend
That I want to the end
Though our paths be severed in two;
I can never forget
How you smiled when we met,
And your love which is always true.
You have given more cheer
To my past lonely year
Than most friends have given before;
You have shown more gladness
Which took away sadness
And I long for it more and more.
Now I often wonder
As o'er life I ponder
If my life has been all askew;
For I wish to be calm
On sorrows be a balm
And a wonderful friend like you.

George Andersen
Printer

115 Armstrong Avenue
Jersey City, N. J.

C. M. BLODGETT

X-PN 4827

#49

The Hooting Owl

An Amateur Journal

APR 2 2 1940

Volume V *December, 1936* *Number 1*

A Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year!

X-PN 4827

#50

Home Town News

Vol. 3 April, 1936 No. 4

The Promise

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 28 1944

Three grim crosses on a shadowed hill
The deed was finished—a world stood still
For upon their rough hewn tragic span
Hung two poor thieves and—the Son of Man.

Out of the darkness that covered all
A wavering voice was heard to call,
"Oh, Lord . . . would that thou remember me
When thou at last do thy kingdom see."

From a mist of pain that no word can tell
An answer rang like a golden bell—
Kindled a flame with His dying eyes,
"Today—shalt thou be with me in Paradise!"

Margaret Nickerson Martin

THE HOBBY-PRINTER

Volume 1 Spring, 1936 Number 1

THE HOBBY-PRINTER
published quarterly as the official organ of the **Oklahoma Amateur Printer-publishers.**
Temporary Official Board
President ..... G. M. Fuller, Jr.
Vice President ..... Ray Keitz
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Bill Spencer
Official Editor ..... Jack Fezler
318 West 21st St., Oklahoma City, Okla.

A new amateur press club has sprung up in Oklahoma City, "the mecca of amateur publishing," and this is the first issue of its official organ. It represents nothing great in the way of size, literary content, or typography; lack of time prevented this. We hope that our next issue will be one of real interest to amateur printers and others interested in amateur journalism. We plan to publish printing kinks and let the other amateurs know where they may purchase everything will be in full swing.

It was my pleasure to attend the OCAJ meeting of February 12 and to hear Mr. Walt Mills, local columnist and editorial writer. Mr. Mills gave a talk of extreme interest to anybody, especially to amateur journalists.

Recently the OCAJ was given about a four hundred word write-up in the Oklahoma News.

For sale—6½x10 slide lever printing press. Excellent condition. Write the editor immediately.

Wanted by the editor—8x12 or 10x15 press.

OUR PLACE

The Oklahoma Amateur Printers and Publishers have their place in the amateur press world. They were organized as a result of the printer members of the OCAJ having an extreme desire to talk shop. It will be great fun at our quarterly meetings to swap type and other printing equipment and to let the other amateurs of our hobby know of printing kinks that we have learned.

Our future looks bright, and by the time the next issue of this paper is off the press the best supplies the cheapest.

Oklahoma City could give the UAPA the best convention in 1937 of any of the candidates. We have the best of hotel accommodations and two active local clubs. If elected the convention seat we promise that at least twenty amateur journals will be published in this city next year and the UAPA will have one of the best conventions in its history.

This journal, the last one in this bundle to be printed went to press March 18. It has been great fun getting out this bundle in spite of the time and expense taken, and we plan to have a couple or more before the convention with better journals in them.

During the month of February "Texas" Thompson paid a visit to Phil Boyle, Aaron Baker, and John Adams, Oklahoma amateur journalists. "Texas" has probably met more of the present day A. J's than

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The Headlight

Volume 5 *January 1936,* *Number 1*

APR 28

HAPPY NEW YEAR

WE MOST SINCERELY wish each reader of The Headlight, a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

As this will reach you late, however we will not prolong this part of our message. We would have been delighted to announce and send this out as one issue of a regular twenty-four, or, a hundred-and-four-page monthly magazine, but with many Amateur Journalists, we get our truly helpful messages for Yuletide or other times by doing what we CAN instead of what we might wish—doing WHAT WE CAN WITH WHAT WE HAVE

We hope our principle article of this issue, "The Wedge and Hammer," may strengthen, and revive some fainting heart.

FIRMNESS AND OBSTINACY

ALMOST ANY VICE IS A VIRtue exagerated. In the poem on following pages, "THE WEDGE AND HAMMER," the "prompt, decided action." commended, may be self-control needed, instead of the violent coercion of others. We believe many mistakes may be avoided by careful heed of the following difference between Firmness and Obstinacy:—

Firmness is constructive energy.

Obstinacy is an obstructive or a destructive stumbling-block.

Firmness arises from principle and obstinacy, from a lack of principle.

Firmness really seeks the truth and is sincere enough, and courageous enough to yield, to bend, or to turn square about face, at the dictates of right and reason. Obstinacy seeks excuse or argument for his own plan, is blind to the truth, insincere, too cowardly to change, and will break before he will bend.

Firmness keeps his eye persistently on the goal, and will sacrifice any particular method or plan for the attainment of the desired end. Obstinacy sticks to his own way, his own method, and worships the PATH instead of the GOAL.

Firmness forgets self, all selfish plans or personal motives, and will stand like The Rock of Gibralter for some public good. It is as big and broad as the brotherhood of mankind. Obstinacy is as narrow as self, and forgets about all else.

The Headlight

HOLDREGE, NEBRASKA

CHARLES FINNEY COPELAND

Issued occasionally—we hope, quarterly, in co-operation with The National, and The United Amateur Press Associations.

To Modernize Eternal Truth

X-PN 462

#53

The Headlight

Volume 5 *April, 1936* *Number 2*

SERIAL RECORD
APR 28 1944

Emergency Air Mail

EXPLANATORY NOTES

This article might be one item in a Biography of the Editor.

Many tons of 'through' mail are carried by express or freight in unheated, unlighted, storage cars, unattended by distributors, but put off by railway employees at certain stations as labelled for local offices, or for re-distribution and dispatch. The least a railway is paid, is for enough to occupy 3 feet across a car—estimated as 54 s'ks, mentoned as buying a 3-toot unit' or more

A Mail Train, is one having at least one compartment for one or more mail clerks, to distribute mail, and they may, or may not buy such units of space. Other trains, have no Post Office cars, but may carry storage mail.

On Sunday, July 26, a doctor 'phoned me that two Air Mail letters should go east from Holdrege. Train 22 through the week was a Mail Train, running on a schedule to connect Air Mail both East and West from Omaha, but it had no mail car, nor any express mail authorized on Sunday. Fifty-four sacks would be the least, if any charge was made. I told the doctor these facts, but that I believed The R'y Co. and The P. O. Dep't would settle for one pouch, so nearly empty, on a 'common sense' basis and I would risk trying to dispatch an emergency pouch for The Air Port at Omaha, which I did. Of course it had to be officially reported, and I did so, with due apologies to my Chief Clerk, Mr. O. R. Eller of Lincoln, stating that I had exceeded my authority, but promising not to repeat it

As expected, a sharp reprimand came back saying: — "You certainly did exceed your authority. You have involved this Department in a cost of $6.80. Do you want to pay this? You will attach your statement and return all papers immediately."

I replied, begging pardon for my gross irregularity and requesting the extra cost to be charged to me.

Expecting more 'war correspondence', I prepared a sort of literary answer, and I have mourned ever since, that the affair was settled, as I at first thought likely, on a 'common sense' basis. I never heard any more, nor had an excuse to send in the following message. —C. F. Copeland

Holdrege, Nebr. Aug. _ 1928

Superior Officers R'y Mail Service,
Lincoln, Omaha, and Washington,
Gentlemen:—

Soldier Sambo was running out of the battle and the Captain shouted,

"Where are you going, Sambo?"

"Any place Cap'n, jis uh git away from whar I is at."

We smile, but of course, he wanted to 'git away from whar he was at." That is the place of any flunker's supreme and eternal torment.

Vast hordes, in the army of mediocrity, face the problems, perplexities and responsibilities of life, in the mental attitude of "y..e..s, but you can't do that." Yet,

"The ones who achieve,
Are the ones who believe."

They believe that things can be done!

They believe that results can be accomplished; that enterprises can be put across; that what ought to be done, CAN be done that a mistake is not a failure, that an apparent or partial failure, may be a grand success. that success or failure does not depend upon what happens to a man, but, on how he takes it —what is the reaction? Calamity crushes the weakling, while it spurs the strong and self-reliant man to redoubled endeavor. They believe there no failure except in giving up; that the quitter is the only one ever defeated; that "The world steps aside to let that man pass, who KNOWS where he is going;" and that it is also equally true, the world will test and detest, and doubt and brow-beat, and hector and hinder, and intimidate and terrify, and stampede the man who simply wishes himself somewhere else, because it is vastly more important WHAT a man is, than WHERE he is, etc., etc., ad infinitum.

This is not the first time I have blundered as a consequence of my beliefs. and it is very unlikely to be the last time I may show amazing awkwardness along these lines. I do not believe in blundering, and much less in trying to do so, but the man who dares to blunder in a worthy endeavor

——continued on page 4

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The Headlight

Volume 5 *July 1936,* *Number 3*

Buddy and Bill

(A True Story)

LIBRARY APR 28 1936

BUDDY, AND A NEIGHBOR boy, Bill, were rivals in business.

Bill said' "You get out, or I'll kick you out."

Buddy told his Uncle Hiram.

Uncle Hiram said, "Now see here Buddy, you have a right to push your business in a quiet and polite way. You can have all the police protection you need for that, but you have no right to talk ugly TO him nor ABOUT him. You have no right to call him ugly names nor to make faces at him. You have no right to double up your fist nor to make any threats. You have no right to reach for a club nor a brick-bat, nor to pull a knife or a gun, and if you do any of these things, he could nearly slap your face off and you have but little or no protection, but push your business in a quiet and a peaceable way, and if there is any ugly talk TO each other or ABOUT each other, let him do it all—every syllable of it. The same of any rudeness or ruffianism. Don't brag, don't boast to him or to others, don't mention the police nor your uncle. I don't amount to more than any other man as skinny and scrawny as I am, but remember Buddy," said Uncle Hiram slapping his shoulder in a friendly way for emphasis, "remember the right IS OMNIPOTENT. Can I get that to soak in? To the other boys, don't admit anything; don't deny anything; don't explain anything; don't utter one syllable about it to anybody; don't dignify it by recognition; don't give them any proof that you are "rattled,"agitated, and excited; don't sink as deep in the mud as he is in the mire, which paralyzes most people in their disputes; don't fail to be a gentleman; don't think that politeness is weakness or hypocrisy. It is simply self-respect, self-control and economy of power, while insolence drenches your powder, and

Revenge simply gives your opponent
The gun you had loaded for bear.

Do not forget the difference between firmness and obstinacy. Firmness is principle as broad as the brotherhood of mankind, ignoring self and all selfish plans, while obstinacy is as narrow as self, and forgets all, or nearly all else. Don't crowd any narrow, personal plan or selfish motive into this deal. It will be a cobweb link, in a chain, otherwise strong. Don't forget that there is much of good in the worst, including Bill. Don't fail to befriend him when he is in the right. Don't yield a fraction of a hair's breadth to him in the wrong. Don't forget THE ISSUE. THE issue is not 'must Bill be all that he should be, or polite enough to please me?" but it is,

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#55

The Headlight

Volume 5 *October 1936* *Number 4*

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 28 1944

LIKE A LETTER IN APRIL ISSUE of The Headlight on Emergency Air Mail, the following letter may be accounted Biographical.

My son, LeRoy, starting his second year of school in The State University of Kansas at Lawrence, secured a position as the manager of a rooming-house where he had previously stayed, and wrote home as to his perplexities pertaining to gambling by young men students, in their rooms at the House. With other things I wrote him as follows: C. F. Copeland

Dear Roy:—

I am going to express my ideas as forcibly as possible and you certainly will comprehend that it is from no lack of sympathy. I want you to write your experiences and perplexities home, even though my advice is not always followed, nor found agreeable.

In regard to gambling, in the management of that rooming-house, you are in a battle royal, worthy the mettle of potentates. Outsiders are positively going to know that you conducted it, or tried to conduct it in an exemplary way, or else that you let it drift in a loose, wide-open fashion. You are in a battle, and are going to be known as a hero or as a flunker. Whatever you do or don't do, you are leaving a record, that absolutely will be a great factor in your future success or failure and in after years, it will be a very great source of pleasure, or a great monument to weakness for chagrin. You know my theory, that the word, "RECORD," is the most stupendous word in any language. Someone has said that "History is God's Judgement Day."

Ah! record!! The RECORD!!! That RECORD!!!!

The weightiest word that we know!
Tis laden with pain or with pleasure
And freighted with weal, or with woe!

Your executive ability and trustworthiness are at stake NOW! No desireable reward was ever gained by anyone by drifting with the tide. Any chunk of rotten basswood can do that. Obstacles are the only possible stepping-stones to success. A battle is the only possible path to victory. Every problem is a door of opportunity. Drop the idea at once and forever that success depends upon sharpness, shrewdness, or luck. Most of people have ability enough for success, but lack the DEPENDABILITY—the simple grit and stamina for DEPENDability.

I said that your record—your RECORD would be a great factor in your future success or failure. You can hardly realize what an immense wedge-like power, a leaning, an inclination, or a bent, in a certain direction, has. Anything allowed that is improper, will be used as an argument for more rope. It will be a wedge, seeming little at the start,

Happy Daze

July, 1936

Bernice C. McCarthy
1005 Emory Street
Asbury Park, N. J.

1937

#57

Holiday Greetings

From

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 28 1944

Emma
George
Robie
Charles

Wallace

December + + 1937

X-PN 4827

#58

ECHOES

From the Paper City

Vol. 1 March, 1938 No. 2

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

EDITORIAL

DEMOCRACY vs. "ISMS"

Walter Hoxie devotes the greater part of his Jan.-Feb. "New Era" to an editorial attack on the spread of Fascism in America. With genuine alarm he points out the activities of the Blackshirts who brazenly flaunt their Fascist salute in public processions.

Mr. Hoxie's attack on these un-American activities is stirring and designed to cause a flareup of resentment among those who have not lost faith in Democracy. But like many other writers Mr. Hoxie commits the grave error of taking sides; of belittling one "ism" in his efforts to point out the evils of another.

Evidently he is not well-acquainted with the facts: for history proves that Fascism springs up only in those countries where Communism has already made inroads.

Mr. Hoxie must also stand indicted for misstatement of facts — due to overzealousness rather than an attempt to mislead his readers. The newspapers and radio news services of this country are about 90% Communistic. Every day they prate about Hitler, Mussolini, and "Fasc-

Hi-Ball Service First Ad News

AN INDEPENDENT MAIL ORDER PUBLICATION

Monard Battenfield, Pub., Atlanta, Texas

Vol. 1 AUGUST 1938 No. 9

#59 A-PN 482 AP 26 1944

REMEMBER ME

The persons named below are interested in your propositions and ask that you send yours.

Willie Whiteside, Route No.2, Gilmer, Texas

Andrew Macura, Jr., 230 Prince St., Bridgeport, Conn.

Martin E. Kenney, 2408 Webster Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

YOUR NAME listed here 3 months, we send 3 BIG MAILs, including HI-BALL each time, for only 10c, coin.

"U & I"

BY THE EDITOR

Mr. Martin E. Kenney, 2408 Webster Ave., Bronx, N. Y., comes accross with the following. For which we are greatful.

"—You know that whatever you do is O. K. with me. —I know how thorough you are in your work and don't think that I and the rest of your satisfied customers don't appreciate it."

—— U & I ——

We truly believe the "Liberty Mailers League" fills a long felt need of the small

—— See page 2, please ——

-: HELLOW FRIENDS: -

By BILL CHARLES - - - "R. C. U. Release"

JOHN JONES is an honest citizen. A friend notices that Jone's pen is broken. . . offers to sell him one cheap. "It's a ten dollar pen I just bought." says the friend. "but I received one like it for my birthday , so will sell it for only $5."

The pen looked new. . . it was a "bargain." Jones bought it. Comes the start of work next day at office. To sign some papers he proudly produces his new fountain pen. Removal of the cap disclosed a pointless, ancient chipped pen, in a shiney case. He'd been GYPED !

Maildealers! Mailbuyers! There is a lesson here. If you're dealer send in-postal O.K.-a TWO WORD motto it suggests to you that EVERY dealer MUST know and follow to be successful. If a BUYER do the same, only a TWO WORD motto you must remember to avoid experiences such as Jones had. Correct entries bring free 'HI-BALL" ads, 1C00 lots Monard circulars.

RCU, 233 LAUDERDALE,
Elkhorn. Wisconsin

PLEASE mention Hi-Ball when writing advetirsers.

NOTICE:- Advertisers, whose ads carry the "insert clause" in Hi Ball, have made satisfactory arrangements with us. We assume no further responsibility, what-so-ever. —Pud.

#60

Happy Daze

NUMBER 2 JUNE, 1938

At last the editor, like numberless other a. j.'s, has decided it's high time to become more active. We hope to have HAPPY DAZE reach you quarterly (or spasmodically). At any rate, we hope it will always be as well received as it was on its initial bow in 1936. Any comment and criticism will be greatly appreciated. Short stories and articles for future issues will be welcomed.

* * *

Orchids to Elaine Jorgensen for the swell job she has been doing with monthly mailings! We'd like her to have the chance to show her real ability, though. How about electing her Official Editor for the coming year? We believe she'd turn out an official organ that the N. A. P. A. could be proud of.

* * *

One mustn't forget the present Official Editor. He is to be congratulated on turning out a fine *National Amateur*, which he has done at a considerable saving. The impartial comment and criticism given by the Bureau of Critics has been excellent and undoubtedly of value to all.

* * *

Gathered here and there ----

Bill Haywood, editor of *Remarx*, promises to answer all letters within three months of their receipt. So don't be discouraged too quickly.

Harold Segal is considering going into the printing and

HAPPY DAZE 9-38

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 28 1945

#61

Happy Daze

GIFT

NUMBER 3 SEPTEMBER, 1938

At every convention my mental picture of some amateur is shattered. This year Ernest A. Edkins is responsible. For no good reason whatever (and I know Mr. Edkins will forgive me) I had Mr. Edkins pictured as a tottering old man. No one was more astonished than I when we caught our first glimpse of him. It was Friday night and the delegates were beginning to arrive. Several of us were sitting in the lobby when suddenly Vondy exclaimed: "There's Ernest Edkins." As I looked, I saw no old man tottering forward, but one spry and smartly groomed. It was indeed a pleasure to meet and know the real Ernest Edkins with his charming manner, his rare humor and witty limericks.

All realized and appreciated the time and energy spent by our host, Robert M. Dunlap, and the Writers Guild in arranging the convention program. It was enjoyed by all.

I was disappointed in not seeing again our delightful host and hostess of Grand Rapids -- George and Emma Macauley. I also missed Marion Cole with whom I had chummed around in Boston, but found a delightful companion in Lorraine Lindblad, of Berkeley, California.

It wouldn't be true to form if we young folks didn't do something in the way of getting together the night before the convention. In Cincinnati after waiting for Jack Bond, the last of the expected arrivals, we "young uns" -- Chuck and Robie Macauley, Benton Wetzel, Robert Dunlap,

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THE HUDCO AMATEUR

Official Organ of the Hudson County Amateur Press Club

VOL. I *MARCH, 1938* *NO. 1*

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT.

The H.C.A.P.C., the newest in U.A.P.A.A., is less than a year old, and already boasts of a good active membership. This club assures us the New Jersey activities will again emerge the dormant condition in A.J. affairs that it has been for the past five years or more, and take its place as one of the first States in the Union in A.J. affairs.

After a careful survey we found that in the state of New Jersey there until our organization, only fourteen amateur journalists associated with the United actively, (according to official records). In Hudson County there are only five members, and in Jersey City there were only three. Then our club came along and already New Jersey is ranking near the top in membership and activities.

We are all what the U.A.P.A.A. wants us to be:--Amateurs; willing to learn and be interested in the Prince of Hobbies. We intend to do our best to make this club worthy of its affiliation with the greatest Amateur Pastime in the world;--The United Amateur Press Association of America.

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THE LIBRARY OF SS

#63

HOBBY RUMOR MONTHLY

JUN 28 19

Vol. 1. August 1939 No. 3.

THE EDITOR'S CORNER

Hello members! We are back again in our third size. At last we are going to satisfy you members by having our paper printed. The Rapid Press of Elmwood Sta., Providence, R. I., is doing the job for us. Please read the important notice on page one. Well now that we are printing we have a better chance of advancing our paper. Before going into any plans though let me inform you that you will have a new President probably beginning on September 1. The new leader has not yet been named and anyone desiring to head the club should put an application in at once. He must be able to perform the duties of President ably and must issue Hobby Rumor every month. Charles Muchnick of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been named Vice President in place of Eileen Hoye. Pete Tomashek has written a short article on Indian Lore for us and we also have an article on Marshall Farmer's Autograph Collection. Well until next time this is your President and Editor wishing the club the best of luck under the new leader.

UNPAID DUES

Members! We have not received June and July dues from over half the members and we have been forced to do something. ALL members, regardless of post in the club, who have not paid June and July dues by August 15th will be dropped from the American Hobby Club. Why not pay up now? Payment must be in coin or money order.

ANOTHER ADDITION

Last May we added to our club the Comet Club of Baltimore and now we are going to add the World Wide Correspondence and Exchange Club of Ogden, Utah. Lewis Scott is turning over his club because he cannot keep it up. All his members will be made members of The American Hobby Club and will be on two month's trial membership. Scott's club has many foreign members including some from New Zealand, Hawaii, Australia and many others.

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#64

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

HAPPY DAZE

Number 4

DECEMBER, 1939

BERNICE C. McCARTHY, Editor and Publisher
402 Second Avenue, Asbury Park, N. J.

X-PN 4827

#65

The Headlight

Volume 8 OCTOBER 1939. Number 4

APR 23 1940

UNITED STATES of EUROPE

The title of this article was noted years ago, ideas of the last Czar of Russia, who then proposed it as a working basis or plan of procedure but the present writer never heard or read any thing more on the subject than the title, and hereby offers a line of thought recurring many times since first hearing said title.

At every point I can see obstacles enough to last apparently for a thousand years and long enough to wage innumerable wars, long enough to annihilate Caucasian civilization that now seems so badly threatened but, I believe we have precedents sufficient to justify hope, and I will proceed. If all, or nearly all leaders of thought can assume and maintain sanity, the result will be some great advance or improvement. Let us do the best we can in this direction. It is indeed difficult, but let us analyze SELFISHNESS, PATRIOTISM, and PHILANTHROPY.

We can certainly agree that SELFISHNESS, being the love of self, is too narrow for a working plan, or basis for government, even in the home. It is one of the insanities that we MUST try to avoid.

PATRIOTISM is a great improvement over selfishness, since it is the love of country. History abounds with shining examples of heroes who have died for their country and have forgotten self in the struggle! Certainly patriotism is so vastly superior to selfishness, that we have seldom or never heard it criticized, and it develops many noble traits of character. Patriotism is love of country, and of course, that means MY country. But when love of MY country means hatred of YOUR country, hatred of most excellent people and neighbors a few miles across a line, and for no other reasons, it is too narrow for a working plan or basis, demanding subjugation of one race, or nationality by another, and then, of course settlement of innumerable old grudges. This narrow element of patriotism is another of the insanities to avoid.

PHILANTHROPY is the Love of mankind, and is the only policy broad enough for a working basis. It IS possible to the extent of deciding on a fairly workable basis as I shall try to prove. The peoples of Europe are noble, and in the abstract desire simply fair play. But each one can see his own side much plainer than, he can see the other, and in demanding justice, in trying to settle old quarrels, each side actually loses sanity. This narrow element of patriotism is apt to blossom out, and bear fruit as a "grouch in the system" of some (otherwise) strong man or people and be a guiding element in great issues. It is so now.

EDITH Cavell has said with her dying breath (upon her execution as a spy,) "Patriosism is not enough."

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
MAR 28 1945
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GIFT

THE HUDCO AMATEUR

Official Organ of the Hudson County Amateur Press Club

VOL. I. *MARCH, 1939* *NO. 2.*

JERSEY CITY HOST TO AMATEUR PRESS MEET.

For the first time in the history of amateur journalism, Jersey City and the State of New Jersey will be host to the Forty-Third Annual Convention of the UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA. The Convention will be staged under the auspices of the Hudson County Amateur Press Club, official 'United' Chapter. Many delegates representative of amateur writers from every state in the Union are expected to attend.

The Convention Headquarters, Landrine Building, 719 Bergen Ave., Jersey City, N. J. announced that it will be the greatest get-together ever staged in the seventy odd years of organized amateur journalism. The City administration and the local press have pledged their support to the Hudson County Chapter in making it a great success.

The amateur press headquarters is in one of the most modern and fully equipped club-rooms in the State! It covers two large floors in the building. The first floor contains a hall large enough to accomodate five hundred persons; also a kitchen and rest rooms. The second floor is made up of a large meeting room, where tables will be set up, a private conference room and an office. For the convenience of early arrivals it will be open from July 1st., and will close to the convention on July 5th., 1939 to take care of late leavers.

According to present plans, a boat-ride to a well known resort is scheduled; a motorcade tour of the City with an official escort; a tour thru a local newspaper plant; interesting business sessions and the Forty-Third Annual Banquet. The banquet will be attended and addressed by prominent State, County and City officials as well as leading professional journalists.

(Continued on Page 3)

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THE LIBRARY OF
GENERAL LITERATURE
JUN 28 1943
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#67

HOBBY RUMOR MONTHLY

Vol. 1. October 1939 No. 4.

We have become convinced that accurate work with carpenters' tools. or lathe, or hammer and anvil, or violin, or piano, or pencil, or crayon, or camel's hair brush, trains well the same nerves and ganglia with — which we do what is ordinarily called thinking.

.... Charles Elliot,

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SERIAL RECORD
JUN 29 1945

#68

HOBBY RUMOR

Vol. 1 No. 1 May, 1939 5¢ a copy

GRAND OPENING

The American Hobby Club is having its grand opening on May 1, 1939. But hurry--the charter will not remain open long. We want a big membership before that date of charter closing. You may join by sending your name & address, age, date of birth, height, weight, and a list of hobbies and a statement as to whether you wish to correspond to the club in care of Edward Reilly. There are no dues. Your only expense is a subscription to this paper of 50¢ a year. The price isn't too much and all you members should be able to pay it. The number of pages will be increased later. When requested we will publish letters from members and ads and notices under 20 words published free. Use the service columns found in these pages. You do not have to subscribe to join the club, but it'd be well to keep up with the club news.

HEY FELLOWS !!

Names of correspondents in [illegible], New Zealand, [illegible], Brazil, and Denmark for [illegible]
from: Lewis Scott
2601 Van Buren Ave
Ogden, Utah

Who wrote Kim? Answer next month. Next month: a poem by Eileen Hoye.

* THE STAMP ALBUM *

Hello fellow members. We are going to have a big stamp contest to choose a stamp editor. Here's how to enter: write a Stamp Column of not over 150 words on one side of white paper. Write about a story on stamps, stamp news or new issues, or any other stamp material. Your copy is subject to correction and revision by our Assistant Editor. Send your entry by May 16th. to the club in care of Miss Eileen Hoye. Prices: 1 yr. 6 mo. and 3 mo. subscriptions to Hobby Rumor. Top winner will be new stamp editor. Good Luck from Charles Hoye, Editor-in-Chief.

ANNOUNCEMENT!!

The Comet Club of Baltimore, Md. has been consolidated with The American Hobby Club of Taunton & all Comet members automatically become members of the AHC and thus share the dues. Go to this paper which will serve both clubs. You may join as explained elsewhere.

Address all communications to:

The American Hobby Club
5 Pleadwell Street
Taunton, Mass.
c/o (person specified)

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

Clubs: I can print your club paper for you on a mimeograph as this is for a small price. If you contact me, arrangements can be made. Write to the club in care of Chas. Hoye.

We will have a birthday calendar beginning next month, if members send birthday dates.

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RECORD
JUN 28 1945

HUSTLER

Vol. 1 Sept., 1940 No. 1

ABOUT THIS ISSUE

We present HUSTLER for your consid—eration and hope that it meets with your approval. HUSTLER will not take the place of HI-LIGHTS, which we also publish, but will be published occasionally between issues of HI-LIGHTS. As you know, HI-LIGHTS is a quarterly publication and we wish to have something in the bundle more often. We would like to have some good snappy manuscripts of about 100 to 200 words for publication in this paper, so writers take notice. If you like this issue as a beginner, drop us a card and let us know that you do. That's the only way an amateur publisher knows that his efforts are appreciated.

Attention A A P A Members!
Vote For LUTHER WATSON
For DIRECTOR OF THE AAPA.
Your Support Appreciated.

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

The Hustler

Seattle, Washington. September, 1940.

Now that the splendid Spokane convention is over and with vacation months of July and August a thing of the past it behooves us as good United members to get busy and do all we can for good Queen Bess. The Hustler will each issue tell of some outstanding work of the UAPA. The Contingent Committee was brought into being some years ago and its purpose is to aid primarily in raising more money for the cause, to secure needed supplies, to have prizes for our various contests, to provide gold fraternal pins for our members, to aid our officers and especially our president in any way possible to make a successful year. Emphasis especially is put on the fact that we must have regular mailings and four official organs every year. Our United dues are very small and many organizations that charge as much as twenty-five dollar dues per year give a lot less to their members. To keep our organization out of the red the contingent group encourages all the members that can, to make donations to the mail fund or to the official organ printing. Money can be sent to the secretary-treasurer Roy Erford or the editor Haig Anlian or to Clyde F. Noel of the contingent group. Any amount is gratefully received. Printed supplies by our printed members is also needed. Don't forget that official stationery is printed by Irwin O. Brandt at cost. Fraternal United pins by Dr. Noel. To keep our mailing expenses down we must insist that

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

THE HI-LIGHTS

PUBLISHED FOR THE A.A.P.A.

Vol. 1 SPRING, 1940 No. 3

JUN 28 1945

Mistaken Mind

By Wayne Williams, 116 N. E. 8th, Abilene, Kan.

Officer John Flanagan had watched that little dress shop all day. Funny, he thought, for one store to have so many big cars in front of it. Throughout the afternoon a man in a big, black sedan had cruised up and down the street. Yeah, and why were all those people going in and out of the store? Well, Flanagan thought. if it's still open, he'd drop around after supper.

That evening he was again at his post on the corner. All the shiny autos were gone but a tiny light burned in the rear of the shop. Suddenly, Flanagan gasped. There was the big sedan that he had seen earlier in the afternoon. And now it was stopping in front of the dress store! Getting out of the machine was the same guy. What did that lug want? Why was he here? Maybe it was a stick-up!Ah! The stranger was inside! Crossing the street, the officer let himself into the small store.

Then the words, "Stick 'em up!" were heard in the rear.

And hastily, "Keep 'em up . . what do you think this is -- a party?"

Flanagan went into action. With his gun drawn, he stepped into the light and said, "Put 'em up yourself, buddy."

The man whirled around. "Why you dag-blasted cop, get out of here. I've been trying to get a chance to fit

Con't. on Page 4

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#12

THE
HI-LIGHTS
PUBLISHED FOR THE A.A.P.A.

Vol. 1 SUMMER, 1940 No. 4

Speech Is Important

By Luther Watson

Today millions of people are preparing themselves to speak more effectively. Ninety-five percent of all the institutions of learning in the United States now have elocution departments.

The radio and moving pictures have put the importance of good speech before us. Most of these speaking departments do not teach their pupils to declaim or orate. They simply teach them the way to meet those everyday problems of speaking, which confront us in the business and social world.

Speaking ability has much to do with a person's personality. These speaking departments tend to iron out those difficulties and faults which will harm one's personality.

Those millions of people who are taking public speaking lessons are not all school age children. They are people already established in business and who want to improve themselves so that their business will profit more by their having mastered the art of speaking.

Elocution classes encourage wide reading and travel. Speaking ability and education go hand in hand.

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1945

THE HI-LIGHTS

PUBLISHED FOR THE A.A.P.A.

Vol. I WINTER, 1940 No. 2

A Broken Thumb

By Norman Hathaway, 3761 Paseo, Kansas City, Missouri

Joe hated Louie, this was certain --- and why not? Hadn't Louie taken his girl away? Hadn't Louie caused him to lose his promotion just as he was going to receive it? Oh, there were plenty of reasons.

Joe drove truck No. 2 for Allied Gas Company, and Louie drove truck No. 4. Every Tuesday, Louie had a run to Corinth, a small town about 400 miles from Chicago. It was a non-stop "flight" and this fact prompted Joe's revenge.

It was Monday night, just about 2 p. m., that a slinking figure crept furtively into the garage of the AGC, and sneaked up to truck No. 4. He immediately went around to the back - a snap was heard, and Joe had clipped the chain that hung from the end of the truck. He had wisely not cut it clear through but had just left a bit of iron so that it would break the instance it hit a bump on the road.

The next day, Joe watched the tail end of truck No. 4 disappear down the street. He let out a loud laugh; 200 miles and he'd blow sky high!

"Whatcher laughing about?"

Joe whirled --- and gasped. "Louie! I thought you was driving today!"

"Naw," he exhibited a bandaged finger, "I busted my thumb yesterday cranking the truck. The boss wouldn't let me drive today, but sent your kid brother instead."

THE LIBRARY OF
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SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

HAPPY DAZE

NUMBER 5 FEBRUARY, 1940

CRYSTAL GAZING

The Editor demands "about 250 words, not deep, not serious." In short, as Mercutio says, "not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door." Therefore something shallow and frivolous. Shoaling and frivving are my favorite amusements, so here goes. Brevity is something else. Caesar summed his victory over Pontius in a phrase: "I came, I saw, I conquered," But I'm no Caesar. I came, I saw, I got licked! However, this being the open season for Prophets, how about a spot of prophecy?

I predict that amateur journalism will set a new record next year. For what? Never mind; don't be so curious. Archeologists will exhume Parker Snapp from his petrified *Mataic* in 1945. Jorgensen will switch the convention to Cleveland. The December *National Amateur* will blow your hat off,—in March. Vondy's *Bellette* meditates changing the first "e" to "u." Teets will be Lactary Laureate for 1940. The Sage of Milwaukee has a collection of bon Moe's in press. I see a vision of loveliness being escorted to the President's chair, next July,—dazed and happy. Who could she be? The opalescent depths reveal Babcock, laboring on a Stracheyan biography of Bradofsky, (the "che" being pronounced as in cheese). Boechat and Kempner are dimly seen, celebrating their Centennial, and Hadley Smith adding a wing to the Franklin Institute. Those who formerly prated about the Power of the Press will find a new slogan,—the Might of the Mimeograph. The shadows fade. . . .

E. A. EDKINS.

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HAPPY DAZE

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 28 1944

NUMBER 5 FEBRUARY, 1940

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E. A. EDKINS.

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THE LIBRARY OF
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SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

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HAPPY DAZE

NUMBER 6 JUNE, 1940

MEMORIES

The finest things we can ever possess are our memories. Cold hard cash and other material objects are transient and annoying. Memories alone have a value that cannot be destroyed. Perhaps it is only the passing of years that can bring home to us the vital meaning these memories will have to us as we grow more mature.

Those who have attended the annual conventions of the National Amateur Press Association year after year have acquired a fountain of ideas and memories enduring and worthwhile that become increasingly priceless as the years go on.

Each convention that I attended stands out in my memory with a halo all its own. The people I met, the friends I made, the ideas I acquired, the places I visited and incidents of the convention are indelibly engraved in my memory.

At my first convention, in New York City, it was my good fortune to meet Will Murphy, Dr. Swift and Edward Suhre, three great outstanding members of our association who have since entered upon the greatest of all adventures; Willard O. Wylie, who was celebrating his golden anniversary as president; George Thomson, the Coles, Truman Spencer, the irresistible Vondy, lovable fatherly Michael Boechat, and a host of others.

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HAPPY DAZE

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 28 1944

NUMBER 6 JUNE, 1940

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JUN 1927

#78

HAPPY DAZE

BERNICE C. McCARTHY, Editor and Publisher
402 Second Avenue, Asbury Park, N. J.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 28 1944

NUMBER 7 — AUGUST, 1940

SPARKS OF BROTHERLY LOVE

A red letter day, July 3, 1940! It marked the start of four wonderful days of another N. A. P. A. convention held at the Hotel Adelphia, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Haggertys, Felicitas and Vincent, the McCarthys, Jane, Mother and I, checked into the hotel together. After getting situated in our rooms we went down to the Emerald Room which was to be convention headquarters. As we stepped on the elevator I spied two girls who looked familiar. The first, Willametta Turnepseed whom I met in Cincinnati and the second, Elizabeth Jordan whom I recognized from her picture. 'Twas thus we met the first of the delegates.

In the Emerald Room we found a number of others congregated. There were the familiar faces of Mrs. Edna Hyde McDonald, Harold Segal, Nita and Edwin Hadley Smith, Robert Telschow and James Morton. We met for the first time Mr. and Mrs. Robert Holman, Morris Gerber, E. Robin Rodgers. It was good renewing acquaintances and we were

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JUN 28 1945
GIFT
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THE HOUSTONIAN

The Star of The Lone Star State

Vol. I Fall 1940 No. 1

HOUSTON BEING BOOSTED FOR CONVENTION

DAD-BURN IF IT AIN'T HEWSTUN IN FAWTY WUN!

In fawty wun, the year that the A. A. P. A. convention will be held in Hewstun, there'll be a HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN for three days.

But I'll tell you fellas right now that they don't give away free beer down here like they do in Milwaukee, but don't let that stop you from voting for Hewstun in fawty 1, cause if Hewstun is to have the next A. A. P A. convention there'll be a HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN for three nights, that is if the convention doesn' t take too much of your time.

Flashes

TEN A. A. P, A. Members---

Do you know that Houston has ten A. A. P. A. members, and that many persons are contemplating on becoming members in the near future.

HOUSTONS AIM.--

Houston's aim is high, but it doesn't have to go much furthur to reach that hight. It's aim is to have more representatives in the A. A. P. A. than any other town or city.

WORLD AFFAIRS

By John Maher

WHAT WILL BECOME OF US ?

The Allies are in critical condition at this moment because of one man who leads and rules the HITLER-RATS, and whom we all know as HITLER.

He has made France his latest victory and now he is trying to take Britian. Should the United States do anything about it? Yes! I think so, but not the way it did in 1917, but I think we should help financialy, because if Hitler does win the war with the Allies, what will become of us? Will Hitler then try to take us? We hope not, but he may.

Hitler says that he doesn't want any part of the Americas, but, can we believe him? No not hardly! It has been said that he has submarines in the Canal Zone or somewhere in that vicinity, and also what are all these Nazi saboteurs and fifth columists doing in the Americas if Hitler doesn't want anything from the Americas.

Don't you think th s country should watch their step. In my opinion I think we had, and also I think it will cost less in the long run if we help the Allies financialy now, and we may not have to go to the battle field.

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THE LIBRARY OF

THE HI-LIGHTS

FIRST ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

Vol. 2 FALL, 1940 No. 1

JUN 28 1945

The Perfect Profession

by Luther Watson

A score of men in every rural town would like a fling at his job. Men who are living in large cities and making large salaries are saving out a part of it to buy him out.

Who is the man who follows the perfect profession? He is the country newspaper man. No gathering in the community or in his territory is complete without him. Men in political power respect him. He does not know what office hours are. He is his own boss. There is no city-editor there telling him to boil that story down. There is no hoping that his story will make the front page. He knows it will because he put it there.

The rural weekly doesn't tell you the latest happenings in far off Europe or over the Nation, but it does tell you the big events in your life -- the news of your community.

No college student away from home is complete unless he subscribes to his home town weekly. The personal columns are just like a letter from home.

Today in a world of choas we find men dissatisfied with their occupations (many dissatisfied because they have no occupation). This is not so of the country editor. He has pride in his work and he is supremely happy.

Watch That Corpse

By Johnnie Vaglienti

Inspector Samual Cooper of Scotland Yard picked up the Morning Chronicle and glancing at the screaming black headlines exclaimed, "Hey Neville, get a whiff of this, will you?"

Captain Neville Janake, Scotland Yard companion of Cooper, took the extended paper and read: "Al Schotilini, Underworld King, Dies of Heart Attack."

"Yes, and just when we had the goods on him for income tax invasion. Looks like we won't see him behind bars after all," said Cooper.

"That was my greatest ambition. Let's go and get a glimpse of that corpse. Never can tell what will happen."

"Oke, my car's outside."

Cooper's car came to a halt in front of the Schotilini estate. Many expensive looking cars lined the road.

Arriving at the Schotiline mansion, Cooper and Jonake were ushered into a large room. At the head of the room rested the bier wherein lay the body of Al. "Old Al" had played a part in many a racket and murder.

Looking around the room Cooper said, "Yep, looks like all the underworld's here."

"Say Sam," Neville started, "who's that funny guy over there?"

"I don't know. I'll go over and see what I can. Watch that corpse."

"Howdy, stranger," began Cooper, "Too bad Al is dead, eh?"

"Yes, too bad," answered the stranger.

"Well, no one will miss him. He wasn't nothing but a dirty rat!"

"Who is a rat?" said the stranger, turning pale, "Why - - "

(Continued on Page 4)

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THE HUDCO AMATEUR

VOL. 2. JERSEY CITY, N. J. NOV. 1940

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 28 1944

"AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL"

George Nemett

America! "Land of the Free! Home of the Brave!" Here in just two brief sentences we see the real America; for it is truly "the land of the free, the home of the brave."

We can truly be proud of our country; proud of its founders, and equally as proud of its citizens of today who uphold its doctrines. And we can be proud of our doctrines too. For what lands save but few in this world, uphold the powers of freedom as we?

Let us glance across the ocean to the not-so-distant lands of Europe. Here we see an entirely different picture. This is not the beautiful picture of happy peoples, but the dark, dismal, picture of war, racial hatred, religious suppression, censorship and strife. This is the grim, terrible world of the dictator preying upon helpless people. A world where the power of one man has meant the untold suffering of millions of helpless victims. A world where fear is instilled into the hearts of the people. A world where people are kept ignorant of the fact that they are being mislead. We in America can only look on with horrified eyes.

Is it any wonder that so many look to America as the land of opportunity and the land of hope? Here we are able to venture forth without the fear of bombs shattering our lives. In America, many planes fly overhead daily. Yet there is no cause for alarm; nothing to fear. Perhaps it is a passenger plane, or again perhaps just a mail plane. Bombers? No, we have no fear of them over hear.

America, a land where we have no fear of doing as we please saying what we please and writing as we please. Here we have no merciless rule of a dictator. We are not suppressed, told what to do, and when and how to do it. Here, also, we may worship as we please.

All this makes us more than ever proud to be good Americans. We are proud of the fact that we are able to bring up our children in the light of human righteousness, so that they too may continue the excellent work that our forefathers had begun so long ago.

We know the United States entered the last war supposed to save the world for democracy. Today the world is again in turmoil We want PEACE. We shall do everything to preserve that peace.

THE HOBBY JOURNAL

Vol. 6 No. 3 May 1949

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THE HOBO

VOL 2 MAY 1941 NO 5

PRIVATE LIFE OF A BUCK PRIVATE

Sunday in Shelby and the weather getting as hot as blazes, Marches are frequent and drills are precise. Snakes and Black Widows are a menace to soldiers in training maneuvers Up at 5,30 Breakfast at 6 and then begins another day Well I have been here two months and time seems to go by fast

A parade was held in honor of the boys coming down from Fort Hayes and being iniated into Army life These night maneuvers are in all seriousness a joke, its nothing to lose squads and even a whole platoon while on the march Started using a straight razor for the first time a fellow should make quite a "Cut Up" of himself on his first attempt

Spent Easter in New Orleans which should provides quite a moment of relaxation to week end weary soldiers

THE LIBRARY OF
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JUN 28 1945
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The AAPA Needs

1. Emphasis on quality rather than quantity in amateur publishing.
2. Less bickering--between members and rivals.
3. An Official Library.
4. A new Official Directory.

WHETHER you do or don't you should read the editor's Journalistic Parade----Page 2

The
HI-LIGHTS

Vol. 2 No. 2 FALL, 1941 This Issue 6 Pages

A Career In Journalism

Many members of the American Amateur Press Association are looking forward to a career in Journalism. Today in the field of journalism competition is sharper and jobs are harder to get. Mr. Ralph McGill, Executive Editor of the Atlanta Constitution, has written for the Coca Cola Company's house magazine, "The Red Barrel," a very interesting article entitled 'Journalism as a Career.' In this article Mr. McGill has set forth the things necessary for a career in the great profession which many of us wish to enter. I shall attempt to give you

(Please Turn To Page 4)

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THE HUSTLER

Spring issue 1941. Seattle, Wash. & Portland, Ore.

Tell Me Not In Mournful Numbers

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 28 1944

'Farewell to thee, blithe spirit,
Poet thou never wert,
Nor nowhere near it;
Thou wert more for jest
Than for literary quest.'

A report reached me recently that I had departed from the cold, cruel world. I am dead. At least that's what I am told by those who have come to pay me homage and hang crepe above my humble door. **Dead** is the word they use, but in this case the word seems to have been used carelessly. The correct statement would be to say that I had discarded my earthly carcass. However, I am not inclined to put much faith in the report. Yet, who can say? Perhaps I am dead. In one sense of the word that is true.

Yes, I may be viewing my friends from behind an invisible aura or they may be blinded by my incandescent aurora. **Death** is the term used by materialists who have beheld the transformation of a caterpillar into a butterfly

(Continued on Page 3)

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THE HUSTLER

Summer, 1941. ◉ Seattle, Wash. & Portland, Ore.

(U.S. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS) APR 28 1944

Broadcast For Contented Cows

By Dean V. Meredith

Dairy men have proven that milch cows thrive on radio music—*News Item.*

"And a good, good evening, ladies and gentlemen, this is your announcer, Cuthbert B. Barnes, broadcasting from the Milk Room of Amalgamated Dairies, just twenty blocks North of the stockyards. I am happy to announce a new program of vital interest to all cow owners and their cows.

"Be sure that radios are installed in all dairy barns for this broadcast. Tune in for the Evening Milking Hour so that your cows may listen in. This new program will come to you at this same time each evening, replacing the Long Talk Hour.

"A large part of the broadcast will be devoted to organ music which is a favorite with Bovine Bossies. Carey Hay will be at the organ. Mr. Hay is a master of

#81

THE HUSTLER

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
PR 28 1944

Winter issue 1941. Seattle, Washington

Country Panorama

By Dean Meredith

I like to think of country roads winding through groves of trees, around little bends and across culverts, twisting among small hills and along creeks, shimmering ahead like silken threads in the summer sun.....I like to think of rail fences, the variety of farm gates and lanes along the road, the old farm dogs that barked at you or greeted you whenever you had occasion to pay a visit to Hank's or Cy's place.....There is pleasure in visioning green fields, hillside crops of various colors, rolling country in the distance.....I like to dream of farms tucked away in trees and in hidden valleys, cows grazing in pastures, sheep in the hills

(Continued on Page 4)

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LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

APR 28 1944

The Hudco Amateur

VOL. 2. Jersey City, N.J. Spring, 1941. NO. 4

PLANNING BOARD

A General Committee designed to plan new activities for the HCAPC and assign subordinate committees for the execution of these plans is being considered by prominent HCAPC members.

Anthony De Marco, secretary of the local club has the proposal under consideration.

FRANKLIN NIGHT; - - - - - SNOWED UNDER

The Hudson County Amateur Press Club celebrated the birthday anniversary of Benjamin Franklin, 'The Patron Saint of Amateur Journalism,' on Monday evening, January 27th. A snowy, blustery night kept the attendance to a minimum - in fact the affair drew only an average meeting night crowd, when a much larger number had been expected. The public were invited to participate through the daily newspapers, and while the attendance was disappointing, it did not serve to dampen the spirits of those who did attend.

- Continued on page 2 -

BANQUET SET FOR APRIL - 19TH

The annual banquet of the Hudson County Amateur Press Club, which will mark another milestone in its career as a member of the United Amateur Press Association of America, will take place on Saturday evening, April 19th.

The coming affair will mark the 4th Anniversary of the organization. Prominent speakers have been invited to address the club. Among those who are to speak, as announced from the secretary's office are, Peter P. Artaserse member of the N. J. State Assembly, Arthur H. Potterton, Commissioner of Revenue of Jersey City, and Sterling P. Henry also of J. C. and a direct descendant of Patrick Henry.

Those who are handling the Tickets are; Haig Anlian, Chairman, Anthony De Marco, and Norman Gardner.

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HILLTOP

Volume 1 SPRING Number 2

APR 28 1944

Yes; God is good; in earth and sky,
From ocean depths and spreading
wood,
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
"God made us all, and God is
good".

The sun that keeps his trackless way
And down-ward pours his golden
flood,
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem
to say,
In accents clear, that God is good.

The merry birds prolong the strain,
Their song with every spring
renewed;
And balmy air; and falling rain,
Each softly whispers, "God is
good".

Yes, God is good, all nature says,
By God's own hand with speech
endued;
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should ring for joy that God is good.

Williams "Psalmodia Evanglica"

The Singing Heart

I shall walk with Beauty on some
remembered morning.
She will not speak—she will not
utter a word—
Yet I shall hear her voice, clear as
the morning,
In the sudden cry of a bird.

Beauty invisible!—but I shall
behold her
Perfect as all the dreams of Beauty
are:
As a young tree on the hills I shall
behold her—
As the dawn sky cradling a star.

Beauty intangible!—yet for a
moment
In the wind that lifts from the sea
to warm green land—
In the wind that wakens, I shall
feel for a moment,
The gentle touch of her hand.

I shall walk with Beauty on some
remembered morning.
She will move proudly, whose very
self is a part
Of earth and sea and sky—and that
strange bright morning—
She of the singing heart!

Catherine Parmenter Newell
(Reprint)

The word "swan" is applied to poets in allusion to the mythological story of Apollo's being changed into a swan. Ben Johnson referred to Shakespeare as the Swan of Avon; Virgil was known as the Mantuan Swan; and Homer the Swan of Meander.

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HILLTOP

Volume 1 SUMMER 1941 Number 3

APR 28 1944

Nostalgia

There is the pulse of a little drum
And flute song in a minor key;
And through the blue hush of the night
The mingled scents of blossoms come—
Faint wind through blushing almond tree,
And heady, fragrant, jasmin, white.

The moon gleams like a copper rose,
Wrapped in a veil of golden mist:
And all the brilliant cavalcade
Of stars the cloudy veil oppose—
Paling to green and amethyst—
Occasional, fire-bright, spark brigade.

Across the water's swirling tide
A night bird skims with smooth-winged grace;
Sets free a diamond spray.
A hundred tiny ripples slide
Over a pool's black, shining face—
Then, faltering, die away.

D.E.J.

Humming Birds

I saw a humming bird's nest today
In the lilac bush where the breezes stray
Ever so softly, as tho they fear
To shake too roughly that home so dear,
For the tiniest birdies are cradled there,
Watched and guarded with loving care.

Dear little birds in your cosy nest,
Sheltered close by a mother's breast,
Soon you will swing through the sunny hours,
Drinking sweets from the fragrant flowers;
While we worry and fret in this world of woe
You will be happy wherever you go,
But I know that Our Father is watching each one—
The smallest and greatest till life shall be done.

Zula Lloyd Leach

The Storm

The thunder is like a thousand kettle-drums in the sky.
The lightnings are sparks from the hooves of swift horses galloping by.
The wind is a great host's wild, rousing battle cry.
The raindrops, like metal-shod lances, thickly fly.

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#91

The Headlight

VOLUME 10 JANUARY, 1941 NUMBER 1

UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSN OF AMERICA ORGANIZED Sept. 2nd 1895.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 28 1944

A TRUE, ILLUSTRATIVE INCIDENT
AND A
MEDLEY of THOUGHT

Ah! success is but persistence
On some path of helpfulness,
IN A JUBILANT ASSURANCE
That rewards WILL DULY BLESS.

We were in a well filled passenger coach and the train had stopped at a way station. Suddenly from the front steps and vestibule, came some sharp, shrieking snorts of complaint and disgust. They startled all of us, and could be heard beyond the other end of the car. No words were spoken; no sound of a human voice. It seemed to be a very highly exagerated, very intentional explosion of breath after an exertion.

An old gentleman, very aged, very hump-backed, with a sharp curvature of the spine just below the shoulder-blades, was being helped onto the train, and into our car in a rocking-chair. The disturbance mentioned, came from a rather portly, muscular built woman, some forty, or forty-five years of age, with a frowning face, but with no apparent signs of weakness. The snorts were repeated with every impatient jerk of the chair, and the intentional affectation seemed more apparent than before.

The train men were anxious to help. They lifted him into a seat of the car and took care of the rocker. He seemed to be in considerable pain and found difficulty in assuming a position of rest. Every feeble remark was the signal for renewed rasping, raucous tones of complaint and criticism from the woman. Both were well dressed, with no signs of poverty.

With very different feelings toward each, we all felt sorry for both and no doubt, all were wondering if any help or sympathy could be extended, but the writer followed the example of fifty or more passengers and did nothing but think. Arriving at his destination before he learned more of this case, the reader must guess at the heginning and ending of the story.

On the supposition that some unfortunate family affairs had left such a burden upon the woman; supposing that she felt it a duty to care for and provide for his urgent needs, and that she was willing to do so for the chance of advertising herself, in this way, as an overworked slave, can you see much of any success in her persistence along

X-DN 482 #92

HOBO

PAYERS

★ PEN & PENCIL ★

POTPOURRI

Lank Lucy Lister, Yo-dee Yo-dee Yo. And she had a sister, Yo dee Yo dee Yo

But I never kissed her?

There picking up all the scrap to scrap the Jap. In a couple of months they can have my press, and the army me to scrap the Jap. Finished several sardine type cases; who knows but that the [HOBO] may come to you from over the seas in Uncle Sams Merchant Marine. Sesta Mathieson plans to move to Detroit and I might see her and then take a run up to see Swift Lathers, the Mears [Ball of Fire.] The way some of our fellow

X-PN 4827 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

Vol. 1 March - April 1942 No. 1

JUN 28 1943 #93

HELL-BOX

Lost thoughts and comments lured from the old melting pot by Walt Strombach, who prints this at Irvington, N. J.

Recruiting Depends On Writing

Recruiting depends in no small measure on the writing to be found in any of our journals. There always is the possibility recruits coming upon poorly written material might logically dismiss the idea of joining the American.

Let's prevent any such occurance and gain a better member by writing material that will provide a goal to shoot at.

If not in your own journal why not in others? Easy enough. Send it to Ray A. Albert at Blacksburg, Virginia. He'll see that your mss. finds its way into print. Publication depends on its merit.

THE HICKORY HILL HERALD #94

VOL. II CHRISTMAS 1942 No. 10

DEC 14 1942

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU

The editors are happy to announce that the reception [illegible] seemed to justify a second, so we greet [illegible] the eve of Christmas 1942, this "Thirty [illegible] Dollar, unstable world, our [illegible] plants and shrubs being [illegible] lives alone, to keep them.

Trees, the foundation, did seem to [illegible] we [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] the system [illegible] shrubs, and [illegible] paint [illegible] thirsty, hoards, alternated with [illegible] out of the [illegible]. All trees, of course, [illegible] the grass to escape the [illegible] and [illegible] Gardening [illegible] grass [illegible] of pests, but the [illegible] the [illegible] of a [illegible] sun-[illegible] Well, [illegible]

Enough of all. We have [illegible] often and [illegible] 1943.

X-PN 4827

CROP REPORT

Potatoes, 6 bushels.
Sweet corn, 19 pints.
Tomatoes, 6 cans.
Green beans—We [illegible] and dried red.
Lima beans—Heavier [illegible] food.
Sweet peppers [illegible] from [illegible] seed [illegible]
Tomatoes, 20 [illegible] as green [illegible]
Asparagus [illegible] as [illegible]
Carrots—Cooked.
Onions, [illegible], [illegible], kohl rabi, etc.—[illegible] vegetables all season.
Celeriac—[illegible], 10 bags.
Potatoes—about 40.
Apples—2 bushels.
Apples and pears—[illegible] one bag and [illegible]
Feeding [illegible]: 137 [illegible], rabbits, 3 [illegible], 7 [illegible], 6 stalling, 6 [illegible], 1 [illegible].

SCOTT'S, INC.—

Mrs. Pioneer woman, [illegible] that's not? I've [illegible], seed carried in [illegible] wood, canned, [illegible] carry a recorded [illegible] 8x8 from an adjoining lot to make a [illegible] for a new coal bin, and to other wise "winterize" the home. But when I could pick a couple of dozen fall tulips or [illegible] I felt very modest indeed.

Walter—As for me, I'm still at the same expanding Conservation Department job, editor of the bird paper, a 3A Scoutmaster of the neighborhood troop, and we've banded 292 birds since February 1 and watched 1 undreds more. A real housebuilder, my vacations go to "fixing up the place," which is also why I haven't answered your last three letters.

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

#95

JUN 28 1945

The Hornblower

"As American As Corn-On-The-Cob"

Volume I *November, 1942* *Number 1*

Editorial

In any free country people take great pride in blowing their own horn when, where and as loud as they please. That is one of the way we have of expressing our liberty. The tendency is more pronounced in America than in any other democratic country, because we are the freest people on earth. As individuals we may be small people but in America there is nothing to keep a little man from blowing a big horn.

I am a little man who blows a big horn. Along comes the American Amateur Press Association giving me an opportunity to blow my horn unhampered by advertising tie-ups common to commercial publishing. I can now blow my horn louder than ever for the ridicously low cost of seventy-five cents a year. That's freedom at its best. Thus the title of this little sheet--our first effort at publishing for the AAPA.

It is my intention to cooperate with as many of the

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#96

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY

The Hornblower

Wishes You

A Joyful Christmas

• • • and, lo, the star which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

—*St. Matthew 2:9*

Christmas, 1942

#97

LIBRARY
BORROWED
APR 28 1944

THE [illegible]LER

Spring, 1942 Seattle, Wash.

[redacted]

Review of Reviews.

Why not publish this journal now. Remember the Gold cup for the outstanding paper of the year. Anne Warren holds the cup now.

The Headlight for January. Concerning a co-operative ticket. We have this for a number of years. I believe, with others that we should have many candidates for every office. Use good care in picking your men.

Caution for January. Bessie Barrett is a very willing and working member.

The All American Amateur for March. E. P. White is doing fine work this year and deserves a good office in the association for next year.

Ink Echoes for the Feb. Gene Arendt. [illegible] We cannot afford to shut off the younger members with-

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THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

HERE'S ANOTHER

HI=LIGHTS

which hails from the heart of the deep South and is edited and published by that genial Southern Gentleman, Luther Watson, where hospitality prevails, Graymont, Georgia. AAPA charter A-21.

NEW SERIES NO. 1 FALL, 1942

A Prodigal Returns To A. J. Publishing Activity

After publishing the last issue of Hi-Lights and being generally out of ajay pnblishing for the past year we present another HI-LIGHTS for your reading pleasure. Study and other college activities didn't leave us time for publishing an amateur paper.

Watson

Editor Wants To Hear From All Amateurs Who Hitch-Hike

The editor of this sheet is the founder and National President of the Collegiate Hitch-Hiker's Travel Association. You don't have to be a college student to join--Anyone who likes to hitch-hike and is a good citizen in his community is eligible. Two years membership in this group is obtainable for the small amount of only 50¢. You receive membership card; pledge cards; booklet of identification et cetera; and card that helps in obtaining rides. For complete information write a penny postal card to the editor.

X-PN 4827

The Historian Reports

VOL. 1 SEPTEMBER, 1942 NO. 2

Co-operative Paper Wins Laureate

Forkey Outsanding In Selections

The hand of fate—Laureate Judge Rouze's modesty in failing to rank his own paper, 'The Chimes'—gave a narrow three point victory to 'The Journal,' co-operative publication printed by Kay, in the journal division of the second quarter laureate selections. Del Forkey, oldtimer who recently rejoined the fold, proved himself the quarter's outstanding amateur by winning many points for his journal, his writings, and the manuscripts he published. The laureate selections for the second quarter—April, May, and June—as judged by the 1942 laureate committee of Bill Bradfield, Jr., chairman, Ray Albert, Gordon Rouze, Walter Crews, and Johnnie Vaglienti are published below. These selections are based on the point system; the last figures are the points received.

THE JOURNAL AWARD

THE JOURAL, Kay and co-publishers	60
THE CHIMES, Rouze	57
THE RAMBLER, Forkey	27
AMERICAN ADVOCATE, Hiatt	24
SIAMESE STANDPIPE, Vivarias, Wesson	21

THE SHORT STORY AWARD

"Whip", Dunlop, *Cornhusker*	54
"The Printer's Devil", Forkey, *Rambler*	33
"Pointed Ears and a Long Lule Finger", Hawes, *Gator Growl*	30
"Just Plain Chalk", Freiag, *Siamese Standpipe*	30
"A Revised Cindrella", Harn, *At Random*	24

X-FN 4827
#100

THE HARANGUER
SHANGRI-LA, UTOPIA
VOLUME 1 FALL 1942 NUMBER 2

HARANGUINGS....

To date, there've been many theories as to our identity, but nobody has gotten at anything definite--and right at the same time. If you'd like to put your 2c in, drop us a line.

Our agent this issue:

CHARLES L. RIDDLE
BOX 212
FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS

★

Last bundle: Kay jumps at conclusions, Sellers took our hint, Bradfied didn't, Barron talks too much, Hobo enlarges, and Gab's art. in GG was copied from Liberty. ROUZE can't spell, among other things.

★

Who's us? Latest Blacklist of suspcts includes Harrington, Bradley, ROUZE, Sellers, Kay in that order. We wonder. HAV suspects

-Cont P 9-

THE HARANGUER **is published occasionally for AAPA by DRIPH-AI 'MUJAK, Grand Lama - Office Boy on Shangri-La Daily Herald.**

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JUN 28 1945
#101

THE HARANGUER
SHANGRI-LA, UTOPIA

VOLUME I FALL 1942 NUMBER 3

HARANGUINGS....

Here we are back for late fall:

The Coughdrip has us all figured out, doesn't it? We wish we could figure the Coughdrip out —a better mimeo job might help.

Our Suspect Klub, featuring persons accused of being us:

Bradfield, Harrington, ROUZE, Sellers, Crane, Hoffmeister.
Commentz on late journals:

Chipley Bungle — Too much election stuff.

Current Stammer—Too much.

Wrong Font—Page 4 ok, corny otherwise.

&mpersand—Not too good.

THE HARANGUER is published occasionally for AAPA by DRIPH-AI 'MUJAK, Grand Lama - Office Boy on Shangri-La Daily Herald.

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#102

UNITED AMATEUR September, 1942

HOBBY PARADE

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 28 1944

A Soldier Writes:

ON THE EVE OF THE GREAT ADVENTURE

* * *

Dear Friends:

I leave in less than 20 hours to meet the enemy face to face in his own lair. Where and under what conditions, of course I know not.

Naturally this void which lies so near in the future holds great mystery and intrigue and suspense for me. It is a great mirage which forms itself first into sandy Australian shores with the windy sun gently tantilizing some lovely girl's golden hair; then into a white and stole Alaska, with its lakes of mirror and men of rugged and powerful chests; then, somehow, the lusty folk songs of Ireland entwine themselves about my brain, and fading in is the map of South Africa with Madagascar being caressed by the warm waters of the Indian Ocean; to the man-swarm Indians merging into one giant and defiant warrior with teeth agleam and heart afire; four hundred million grim Chinese are charging down a hill behind four million impatient bayonets; to the sturdy, the staunch, the glorious Red soldiers ploughing through mud and snow and the blood of two nations to hurtle their thunderous wrath and might against the withering "iron heel"; and British wings tell German factories they shall make no more tanks. The people are enslaved and hungry, but the victories of freedom are piling high on high; they are shaking off the tyranny—the "omnipotent" state, the chauvinism—from Norway to Greece and Spain to Finland.

I am in all these places at once, fighting in every battle myself, making up battles that are yet to come in which to fight. And I feel the surge of power from my mighty little airplane which itself seems to be yearning for the real battle.

Therefore, this is the verge, the eternal moment which brings back to me, in a mural that moves, my whole life. I recall moments of my

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Temporary Address: 203 States Street.

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#103

UNITED AMATEUR November, 1942

HOBBY PARADE

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

APR 28 1944

MOVIES

Hollywood Better Take a Peek at Some Pre-World War Films

By DAVID PLATT

Nineteen hundred and forty-two is the biggest date in our history since 1861 and 1776 but you would not think so from the films that are being shown. There is still a tendency on the part of some film-makers to reduce the war for the liberation of the United Nations to the level of a bar-room brawl.

If ever the time was ripe for a group of films that would cut beneath the surface and dig deep into the fighting traditions of this country it is now. It should be as clear as the handwriting on Hitler's wall, that this is the moment for the production of films glorifying the heroes of America: Tom Paine, George Washington, Francis Marion, Molly Pitcher, Abe Lincoln, John Paul Jones, Ulysses Grant, Sam Adams, Theddeus Stevens, Frederick Douglass. Films of passionate hate against the Fascist foe. Films of dignity, hope and courage.

Our producers can learn much in this respect from the primitive silent screen. Thirty years ago small independent studios like "Champion" and "Thanhouser" were a hundred-fold more active in behalf of the public good. America was not at war in 1911, but that's the year that "Champion" made a two-reel patriotic film, "General Marion, the Swamp Fox," in memory of the great guerrilla fighter of 1776. It portrayed a man, the very mention of whose name "made the stoutest hearts quake and sent consternation into the enemy camp." It showed Marion's startling feats at the Fall of Fort Watson in April, 1781, and "the great victory won at Eutaw Springs the same year."

One of the characters in the film was a Bishop of the Church, a member of Marion's guerrillas "who on occasion donned the purple robes of office to minister its functions" and then doffed them again for the "belted sword" and the "cocked hat." The women—"the loyal, true-hearted women of that period of trial and suffering"—were

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#104

HILLTOP

Volume 2 SPRING and SUMMER 1942 Numbers 2 & 3

CARDINAL BIRD

APR 28 '44

A flash of red thru the verdant leaves,
  A paean of joy that vain would borrow
Surcease from all that the sad heart grieves
  And hope and faith for the coming morrow;
This is the Cardinal bird that swings
  Light thru the air as an eagle's feather,
From bush to bough on joyous wings,
  Singing to gladden the roughest weather.

Dear little bird with your perky crest,
  I will take lessons from you if I may,
Hiding my sorrow deep in my breast,
  Singing to gladden the darkest day;
Someone may listen and hearing my song
  Someway be comforted, one can not tell,
Learning to love Him for all a life long
  Who in His wisdom hath done all things well.

—*Zula Lloyd Leach*

#105

HILLTOP

Volume 2 WINTER 1942 Number 1

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 28 1944

LETTER TO EUROPE

by Robert Nathan

What madness has the World?
It runs like fire through grass;
Patch after Patch, field after field—forests,
Yesterday living and green, tossing their branches,
Haven of birds and berries, haven of shadows,
See how they burst into flame, storm into fire,
Flash into ember.
And the clover, sweet with honey and heavy
with bees,
Shrivels away to ashes—the very sod
Turns hot with fever, watching the fire coming.

Burn, you people.
Let your dry hearts catch fire.
Let the wild flames blow over you, char out
your blood.
Let the green ground of pity wither and perish.
Scorch out the meadows of kindness, the honey
and clover.
Be but a stubble. Be ashes, dry and devoured.
Burn, burn you people.

In the black ember, in the waste and desolate
morning,
When nothing is left of that sweet world you had—
Remember:
Those whom the gods would destroy they first
make mad.
Take warning. Oh, take warning.

Reprint from THIS WEEK Magazine

X-PN 4827 #106

TO GARNER WISDOM OF THE AGES TO MODERNIZE ETERNAL TRUTH

The Headlight

VOL. 11, No 2 HOLDREGE, NEBR. QUARTERLY

"BUT! *He was a Leper.*"

APR 28 1944

Notes

A great grace, achievement, or trait of character, sought by all for ages, is the ability to live together.

Any vice is a corresponding or similar virtue, carried beyond its proper bounds Where is the line between economy and stinginess? It is hard to locate, because it is different with different people, and even with those in the same family. So almost the greatest grace is that of knowing how to live together. Any thing else is hopeless to the point of extinction.

Sampson and Schley

In the Spanish American War, Admiral Sampson was in supreme command of the American navy. He had a fine record; was very talented, practical, thorough and kept all the fleet marvelously organized and coordinated. He was honored, loved and respected. Schley was second in command, and about as much, as to his high traits, could be told, each, a brilliant officer, . . "but he was a leper" (2 Kings. 5:1) A "pore critter," nevertheless.

American merchants collected a fund of $125 000.00 prize for the commander who would destroy the Spanish Armada preying upon our commerce and supposed to be much greater than it really was. Sampson finally bottled them up in San Juan Harbor. Early one morning, he took his best ship and went seventy miles east for coal. The Spanish made a break for the open sea and liberty and Schley was in command Sampson heard the noise of battle and hastened to roturn, but the battle was fought in a race to the west and he could gain but little Tho passing many Spanish wrecks, he caught up about sundown as the last was beached. It completely ended a war and was one of America's greatest victories. Schley signaled to Sampson, "I request the honor of receiving the surrender."

A short "No," was his answer. "No, it's mine."

Then began one of the blackest and most disgraceful pages of American history. Incrimination, villification, stories of laziness, neglect, cowardice, insubordination, mixed up with rehearsals of creditable records that people had heard over and over sgain and again. Sampson, an administration man, was awarded the prize money, and the pow-wow that started again, seemed to threaten civil war for months. If Samp-

That Time Hath Wings

BY

RODERICK A. GINSBURG

They who have moulded the patterns of our thought,
The bards and thinkers of bygone yesterdays,
Have fashioned the illusion, forged the base
For that broad concept we call Time and Space,
And that Space is boundless, and Time hath wings of flight.

But when, in the shapeless darkness of the night,
When even the stars are hid beyond the clouds,
And the panes in my chamber windows
Seemed carved out of empty void,
I fail to sense the movement of Time, the rush of tide,
For only my heart is beating, and only my thoughts are alive.
I stare through the breathless darkness,
My senses outstretched to the brim ———
Yet I fail to hear, to detect or to sense
The movement of Time in its flight.

Yesterday, today, tomorrow, all are frozen to oneness of time,
I am as one with the primeval ape-man,
As one with the men yet to come.
I feel primitive forces surging, the powers of hate and love,
I feel thoughts arising within me, I would not dare to expose.
The ages that throbbed long before me,
Today's immediate problems and irks,
Tomorrow's uncharted future, all are as one to me,
For at night when the darkness enfolds me,
The Time that hath wings stands still.

Hail and Farewell

Co-Operatively published by

Jerry F. Chmelicek, 2516 So. Trumbull Ave. Chicago, Illinois

Bessie Barnes, 724 W. Sharp Ave. Spokane, Washington

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#107

HAIL *and* FAREWELL

VOL. 1 WINTER No. 1

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

APR 28 1944

Christmas Candle

BY

BESSIE BARNES

Christmas Candle, gleam steadily,
Pierce the shadows of the night.
That those who watch in foreign fields
May find peace in your sacred light.

Christmas Candle, burn brightly on!
Bring faith to all who pass this way
From the Yuletides of the ages,
Grant us strength for the present day.

Christmas Candle, Stand tall and true!
Wear your flame as a shining crown;
You are the symbol of courage
To strangers passing through the town.

Christmas Candle, burn bravely on!
Be our taper of friendly cheer —
The shining star of Bethlehem,
To guide us through the coming year.

THE HISTORIAN REPORTS

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUL 20 1945
GIFT

#108

Edited and published by the Historian and Recorder of the American Amateur Press Association, John F. Vaglienti, Room 214-B, Little Campus Dormitory, Austin, Texas. This is the third issue.

Vol. 1 November, 1942 No. 3

NEW NAME IN LAUREATE FIELD AS MRS. RUTH THOMPSON WINS POETRY AWARDS

Mrs. Ruth Thompson, a new name to appear in the laureate selections, topped AAPA poets by winning the first and second place poetry awards with "Rest", and "Old Glory", according to the third quarter laureate report, recently released by Historian-Recorder Vaglienti. Mrs. Thompson is a new member from Port Reading, New Jersey, recently recruited by Russell L. Paxton. The selections were again judged by the 1942 Laureate Committee of Bill Bradfield, Jr., Chairman, Ray A. Albert, Gordon K. Rouze, Walter P. Crews and the Historian-Recorder. The complete report with number of points received by each of the first five selections in each field follows:

The Journal Award

The Journal, Kay and co-publisher Phelan..... 69
The Chipley Bugle, James E. Sellers..... 36
The Chimes, Gordon K. Rouze..... 30
Trouvere, Kenneth E. Kulzick..... 27
Texas Star, John F. Vaglienti..... 18

The Short Story Award

"Country Doctor", Vaglienti, Texas Star..... 60
"My Son Is A Sailor", Doane, Chimes..... 48
"Let's Stop Slanting," Rawling, Current Stammer..... 27
"Let's Go South", Rowling, Current Stammer..... 15
"Shanghied", Nelson, Sparkplug..... 15
"Escape", Smith, Willard F., Nassau Amateur.....12

The Poetry Award

"Rest", Mrs. Ruth Thompson, AJR..... 39
"Old Glory", Mrs. Ruth Thompson, The Opinion..... 36
"Sand and Sea", Dunlop, Star..... 33
"When Gibraltar Fell, Kulzick, Trouvere..... 33
"Thoughts on Beauty", Dunlop, Chipley Bugle..... 21
"The Star", Dunlop, Star..... 15

The Essay Award

"Brutalizing", E. Bart Beatty, Chimes..... 45
"Linotype: It's Mechanism and Operation", Sellers, A. A. J. 36
"Journalism In The Army," Wise, American Amateur Journalist. 36
"Reflections In A Northern Night", Harrington, Nutmegger... 30
"The King Is Dead", Smith, Robert L., At Random..... 15
"Writing The Essay", Paxton, American Amateur Journalist... 12
"American Brew", Kriebel, Star..... 12

The Editorial Award

"Opportunity by Error", Quick and Kulzick, Recusant..... 42
"What's Wrong With the AAPA", Kulzick, Trouvere..... 33
"A Pressing Need", Phelan, Journal..... 33
"The King Is Dead", Smith, Robert L., At Random..... 27
SSix Yearsof Going Forward", Phelan, AJR..... 18
"The President Reviews and Previews", Haywood, A. A. J..... 12
"American, First,Last, and Always", Hawes, Gator Growl..... 12
"In Defense of Headlines", Wesson, Gator Growl..... 12

Johnnie's Brief Notes: I am now studying at the University of Texas in Austin. Naturally am short of time right now but intend to keep activity on high plane; watch Texas Star in December bundle. Have withdrawn (again!) from editor's race due to lack of time. -30-

X-PR 1942 #109

HOBO

Diamond in the Rough

Vol 4. Oct 1943 No 9

Printed & Published at the Crossroads of Civilization on the 7 Great Lakes, aboard the S. S. Wm A. PARKE SAINT SU. MARIE; MICH.

While rambling thru the country
Selling books and looking wise
You see some funny faces
You meet some awful guy's

—★—

LITTLE MAN WHAT NOW!

- With sailing season reaching its final stages, the old bug-a-boo of labor shortage looms up. With the younger element going back to school, will find shipping halls, doing there utmost to supply ships with necessary men.
If by any chance the Red mud of Minnesota, does not reach lower lake ports, before winter sets in for good.
- How ! - then will the finished product of guns and tanks, reach our Atlantic and Pacific Brothers, who carry it over to our fighting men.

X-PN 4827

#110

★ THE HOBO ★

VOL 4. FEBRUARY 1943 NO 1.

WHEN THE MIDNIGHT OIL WAS BURNED

BY TED PAYER

A good many years ago while still running around in corduroy knicker pants I remember when my folks, and my Uncle and his wife, would make a weekly pilgrimage to my Grandfolks, who at the time owned a small farm some 60 miles from Cleveland. With chores and supper dishes cleared away the deck of cards were taken from there resting place in the cupboard, and thus began a evening of "Cut-throat Pinochle".

Grandma not caring, and never very adept at playing cards quietly reposed in a armchair, content in just being an unconcerted spectator. The living room mahogany table was the object of distinct physical abuse as clenched fist of Dad, Grandad, and Uncle banged forth to put across a bid, very emphatically indeed.The pungent odor of chewed cigars and smoke, and odiferous pipes, hastened Grandmas departure, as the old clock on the wall tolled off the hour of nine. Even the dog awakened from a sound slumber under the table shook the cobwebs from his eyes, and then crawled under the kitchen stove. Evidently Grandma's sleep was rudely marred around midnight, because one could hear her call down and warn the pre-occupied night hawks, that it was time to hit the feather bed.

The revelry lasted until 2 o'clock in the morning, then broke up to be resumed the following week.

★ ★

A TRIBUTE TO OUR NURSES

Attending our neighborhood movie theatre my wife and myself found the newsreel honoring the life of a WaaC, Wave, or what have you, but never anything concerning our nurses.

Are they to be casted aside, in one of the greatest events, in

[con't]

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

The Hornblower

"As American as Corn-On-The-Cob"

Volume I *April, 1943* *Number IV*

Horn Soundings:

Maybe I'm wrong but it seems to me that much of the stuff written by amateurs lacks serious effort at creative thinking and writing. Are too many people interested in gossip rather than making amateur journalism click?

Amateur journalism can be a lot of fun and at the same time a good medium for the expression of good thoughts. Why can't it take its place along with amateur tennis, golf, baseball, or any other wholesome amateur endeavor?

To be great a thing has to be bigger than any individual gossiper connected with it. And that goes for amateur journalism. If you have a different opinion, blow your horn, brother!

—R. G.

#112

The Hornblower

"As American as Corn-On-The-Cob"

Volume I *October, 1943* *Number V*

On Being Inducted Into The U.S. Army:

For at least a while my civilian days will be over. I have been inducted into the Army. This will be a complete change for me. A complete change in my way of living. I do not like it.

No, I do not want to go to war. I am a young man just getting a start in life. I have a lovely wife and a wonderful baby. We have been sheltered in a comfortable bungalow. I don't want to go to war because I like to come home at night, put on the soft shoes light up my pipe and sit peacefully by the fireside with my family.

I don't want to go to war because I'm living a good life in a good American home. I like to have my evenings free to read the newspaper and listen to the radio. I like to have time to take a drink, if I like, and blow smoke rings. I'd rather get up at the sound of an alarm clock than a bugle.

I don't want to go to war because I like to stand on the corner and argue with my neighbors about whatever my fancy desires. I like to be able to go to church on

THE LIBRARY OF
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JUN 22 1945

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X-P-R 4

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1943

#/12/

HILLTOP

Volume 3 SUMMER 1943 Number 3

COPY GIFT

On A Midsummer Eve

"I idly cut a parsley stalk,
  And blew therein towards the moon;
I had not thought that ghosts would walk
  With shivering footsteps to my tune.

I went, and knelt, and scooped my hand
  As if to drink, into the brook,
And a faint figure seemed to stand
  Above me, with a bygone look.

I lipped rough rhymes of chance, not choice,
  I thought not what my words might be;
There came into my ear a voice
  That turned a tenderer verse for me".

—*Thomas Hardy*

#115

HILLTOP

Volume 3 AUTUMN 1943 Number 3

Cargo.....Human and Otherwise

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
MAY 8 1944

He helps to load war cargo: shells and guns
And ammunition that will win the fight.
He labors hours for there are tons and tons;
A war needs vast supplies of human might.
Perhaps he has a wife at home who waits
And works and hopes and tries to do her part
While deep within her buried treasure's gates
A million dollar cargo cleaves her heart.
No doubt he knows their love cannot be matched
And wants to make their future more secure
Within a decent world with doors unlatched
Where church spires dare to rise and will endure;
A land where women's babies sleep in peace
And men come home from war to sweet release.

—*Mary O'Connor*

4827

#116

The Hudco Amateur

Official Organ of Hudson County Amateur Press Club

Vol. 7 JERSEY CITY, N. J., OCTOBER, 1943. No. 1.

OCT 28 1943

JOE DOAKS — AMERICAN

By—JOHN S. LYNCH

We hear very few, still, small voices raised in defense of that once popular figure "the American little man". What with professional communists, heavy-fisted fascists, intellectual radical collectivists and die-hard industrial giants shouting through their respective megaphones it's pretty hard to get a hearing from old Joe Doakes, the American citizen.

And yet, old Joe is in the majority. He doesn't holler as loud as the others so that you'd never know there were so many of him. But when it comes to putting the dough on the line for war bonds, or getting into uniform to do some real fighting, or working seventy hours a week on the assembly line, you'll line old Joe—and Josephine too—strictly away up front in numbers.

You can't make a communist or a fascist or a labor racketeer or a bad capitalist out of Joe just by calling him one of those names—even though so many people nowadays are trying to do it.

What does Joe know or care about the Russian experiment or the doctrine of the corporative state except that they're completely foreign to his nature? They don't mean anything to Joe. He's had to fight to protect himself against the evil ruthlessness of the Axis dictatorships. But as for the political theories involved there? Well, Joe never did really understand them nor see any reason to try to do so.

And why?

Because Joe Doaks is an entirely different personality from his brothers in the Old World. He has a background behind him of freedom and enterprise and opportunity. He has always had and expects to continue to have the right to work where he pleases, go to whatever church he chooses, own a piece of property, his own home, perhaps his own business if his ambition runs that way, and finally, to use his leisure in the pleasures that most appeal to him as long as they don't forcibly intrude on the rights of others.

Anybody who calls Joe a Communist is obviously screwy. Anybody who throws the word "fascist" at Joe is building from nothing.

Sure, Joe believes in unions. And sure, Joe doesn't believe in businessmen getting away with murder. But he doesn't think all union leaders are saints and all American businessmen devils. He doesn't want the government to support him for life nor run his affairs. But he definitely does expect the government to restrain monopolies, prevent the em-

(Cont'd on Page 4)

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#117

THE HAVIAN

*

A PUBLICATION OF THE
AMERICAN AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION

*

X-PN 4827

#118

HAVEN HERALD

Kenneth Francis Weiser, Editor

PENNSYLVANIA'S ONLY INDEPENDENT POLITICAL NEWSPAPER

No. 1. *Schuylkill Haven, Penna.* *Jan. 1943*

State Poll Favors Dues Increase

EDITORIAL

HAVEN HERALD is published for the National Amateur Press Association and is almost entirely devoted to political remarks and suggestions. We do not ask that our words be taken seriously, thou personally we do attach some importance to them.

It is our aim to present the HERALD between issues of Pennian. Our plans for Pennian are many indeed, and until our printshop, now under construction, is fully prepared to handle these plans, the HERALD will carry on with it's banner.

OFFICIAL ORGAN:

Economy-minded, Pres. Parker suggests changing the size of the National Amateur to a 6 x 9.

It is our opinion that any effort to economize should be applied to our minor accounts first.

Regardless of what our individual publications may be, the organ represents us as a whole.

In its present size the National Amateur matches every standard set by other organs published by the leading associations in America today.

PENNIAN OFFERS PROPOSAL

by M. I. Phrenoldrum

The present administration in seeking additional sources of revenue has let-go with several trial balloons calling for an increase in dues to which no sane opposition can be made. Nevertheless no logical method of administrating this increase has been presented.

Pennian in a press conference last night proposed that renewals be set at $2.00, while the initial entrance fee maintain at the usual $1.00. From this, an additional revenue estimated at $250.00 should be realized.

PENNIAN HITS MAILING FEE

In a later statement Pennian described the mailing fee placed on publishers as an unjust tax, warranted only in cases where the mailing bureau is used for commercial purposes.

On such a basis publisher have a right to ask donations from their contributors. In both instances the desire to be active becomes a financial issue and inactives remain the favored lot.

Printed by Irwin O. Brandt
Greenville, Ohio

H E A L T H L E T T E R

Health Conference - Spring issue - 1940 - 720 - Riverside Dr. N.Y.C.

My health is rationed, and too
For printing what can I do?
I'm even a mimeo
With anyone mimeo
And so, my healthletters are few

Sing a song of health sense
A body full of vim
"Gets your daily vitamins
So you'll be in good trim
Apologies to Mother Goose

KEEPING OUR MACHINE

- Do not hurt our bodies, especially Kleanor Thomas, who "fed a fress" - this machine has to be - Treated with care and pride -
If you want to get the best results - watch what you put inside -
Most important machine in the world - the human body, so
As ye eat, my friends, so shall ye weep - wrong diet brings, but now - Keep your machine with nutritive foods - To minimize repairs -
Improper foods and eating too much - brings illness and despair.

***

The Herald #120
APN 4827
Vol. 1 No. 2

"Youre Wrong Again Tom!" Shouts Hamill As United [redacted]

WHY MAYNARD IS WRONG

By W. M. Hamill

APR 29 1944

In the last issue of The United, the self-appointed critic of the United Amateur Press Association–MisterTom Maynard–bewails quite

#121

THE HAVEN HERALD

On the banks of the Schuylkill

Vol. I September, 1944 No. 1

Anniversary Special

I was quietly planning a return to publishing activity in the AAPA with a paper of some sort scheduled for the Oct. mailing. I thought it much too late to break into the special Eighth Anniversary bundle but my former printer, Irwin O. Brandt promised quick action on my paper if I mailed the copy immediately.

Initial Impromptu

Under the circumstances comment herein will be loose, and will run rather freely because of the rush to get this copy to the patiently waiting printer. And, here's hoping that my earnest desire to publish will lead to the development of something

The HORNBLOWER

Jane Womble Gurganus

X-PR 4327

#123

THE HOOT OWL

Second Hoot *February 1944*

This paper is printed this way to enable me to vote in July 1944.

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
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SERIAL RECORD #124
JUN 23 1945

HILLTOP

Volume 4 SPRING and SUMMER 1944 Numbers 2 and 3

Heart's Desire

by the late Diana Christopher

These are the things I want, my dear:
  A cottage by a babbling brook,
Pale lilacs blooming at the door,
  Sun shining in the breakfast nook.

A guest room done in shades of blue,
  Red roses in a silver bowl,
A pile of books beside my chair,
  White hyacinths to feed my soul.

Geraniums on my window sill,
  The spicy smell of gingerbread,
Bright toys upon a nursery floor.
  Sun sparkling on a baby's head.

The right to kneel beside my bed
  And consecrate myself to Him,
To ask for courage to go on
  When all the lamps of life grow dim.

Old silver in the firelight's glow,
  A love seat big enough for two.....
But what good are these things to me,
  My dear, unless I can have you.

LPN 4427

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
AUG 15 1945

#125

HILLTOP

Volume 4 AUTUMN and WINTER 1944 Numbers 3 and 4

My Lost Youth

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of days that were,
I find my lost youth again.
And that strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

The Hudco Amateur

Official Organ of Hudson County Amateur Press Club

VOL. 8 JERSEY CITY, N. J., MAY, 1944 No. 1

Pvt. Yankulich Wounded In Italy; Lillian Kopecky Joins the Waves

Pvt. Daniel Yankulich, who joined the HCAPC and UAPAA in 1938, has been wounded in action on the Italian front, according to a War Dept. report. The extent of Dan's injuries are not known at this writing, but fellow members hope they are not serious and that he will recover rapidly. The soldier a native of Pennsylvania, was a contributor to The Workshop, club newspaper. His home address is 249 Bowers St., Jersey City, N. J.

Lillian Kopecky has joined her brother Robert, now in England, in the service. Associate editor of The Shooting Star, she can be reached at 136 Cedar St., Cliffside Park, N. J.

Cpl. Thomas P. Torre has completed a brief furlough with his growing family: wife and baby. He has been stationed in recent months at Connecticut. Tommy is former editor of The Workshop and United Chief Critic.

Pvt. Joseph Milan is now somewhere on the West Coast, awaiting a new assignment. He was at Camp Crowder for signal training and also was on camp paper. Home: 352 Montgomery St., Jersey City, N. J.

From Italy Pfc. Harold T. Wood reports that Bundle of Freedom is reaching him and would like to hear from fellow members, especially Cpl. John A. Patterson Jr., who is at Camp Shelby, Miss. Woodsey's address: 32308694, A.P.O. 464, c/o PM, N.Y., N.Y., Pat's: 395 Montgomery St., Jersey City.

With Troop Carrier Command is Pfc. Norman Gardner, ex-prexy, out in Warrensburg, Mo., back at his work as parachute rigger. Home: 516 Bergen Ave., Jersey City.

Sgt. Elizabeth M. Graham continues her duties at Santa Ana Air Base in Calif. Home: 228 Harrison Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

Whereabouts of Roger Williams, U. S. Maritime Service, would be appreciated by the Editor. Home address: 38 Clendenny Ave., Jersey City.

Other HCAPC Service Men: Pvt. George Nemett, 17-51st St., Weehawken, N. J.; Cadet Edward Anlian, 327-18th St., Union City, N. J.; Lt. Robert P. Kalter, 175 Lehigh Ave., Newark, N. J.; Sgt. Charles Hoppe, 1614 Palisade Ave., Union City, N. J.

Keep writing to our Service Men. They look for your letters.

War Bonds are our best buy. Keep up your purchases — and save your bonds.

X-PM 4627

#127

The Hudco Amateur

Official Organ of Hudson County Amateur Press Club

Vol. 7 JERSEY CITY, N. J., FEBRUARY, 1944 No. 2

WHY JUVENILE DELINQUENCY?

By—JOHN S. LYNCH

A grave increase in juvenile delinquency is another of the many ills World War II has brought us. From the press, pulpit and rostrum we have had a thorough airing of the condition in recent months.

The facts are that teen-age girls mingle indiscriminately with service men, in competition with professional light ladies; that boys form gangs to assault and rob the unwary and that both boys and girls are out searching for adventures that will challenge the legitimate daring of their older brothers and sisters at the front.

In all the discussions on how to solve this serious problem, only slight emphasis is placed on what is actually the basic cause. The war is a powerful contributory cause—it is the spark which sets off an explosive mixture. But we have juvenile delinquency in peace-time too, except that then its manifestations are less spectacular and less wide-spread.

At the bottom of the whole situation lies a failure in our educational system—a failure to instill in children a sense of moral responsibility. When a major crisis appears which challenges the strength of character of youth too many boys and girls are unequipped to meet it.

That they are up against just such a challenge in wartime conditions is undeniable. Many of them are left to their own resources by parents who in some cases give them the attention they need but in a great many other instances are using patriotism as a device to give rein to their own high-stepping proclivities.

Where the seed for the actual breakdown is sown is in the training—or the lack of training—provided to the children at home and in school. So-called enlightened society has banished the teaching of religion from our public school system pretty extensively. The original fear that children of one faith might be weaned over to another has resulted in children who have no faith at all. Religion is outside their experience. It is not to be wondered at then that they do not easily distinguish between right and wrong.

This is quite all right with parents who themselves have discarded "old-fashioned superstitions" and want their children reared the same way. But their offspring are the best bets to wind up as juvenile delinquents in these times, whether on the police records or not. A mature individual without formal religion may build himself a set of ethics by rationalization which serve possibly well in our modern world. But adolescents need stronger guide-posts on the straight and narrow.

(Cont'd on Page 4)

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The Haranguer

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS RECORD
JUN 28 1945

NEW SERIES -- NUMBER 1

Things would go a hell of a lot better in this association of ours if people like the president would get their facts, and not heresy, together before making any rash statements, Such as this little piece from a letter to Mailer Rouze, whom she has always had a grudge against (I guess Rouze doesn't exactly love her) She wrote: "And little things count. When you sent the bundle just the day before the OO reached you as per schedule, was just the last straw." We would like to know what proof she bases her statement on. He mailed on the 19th and the OO didn't come til Nov. 3rd. *We could excuse some people, but you, Mrs. Wesson!*

LOOK FOR NEXT ISSUE!

APN 4827

#130

The Hoot Owl

Vol. 1 January 1945 No. 1

MEMO: Happy New Year to all NAPA and AAPA members..... New issue of THE TABLOID is in the making.....Babcock did a swell job on that NAPA manual.... Thanks to Willametta for publishing my letter in the December INVASION..... Aside to Bob North: Exchange via bundles is O. K. & thanks for your postcard..... TICK TOCK, LAZARETTE, & MASAKA are the three best looking publications of recent date.....

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

GIFT

#131

The Haranguer

Voice of the Free Press

NEW SERIES -- NUMBER 2

How would you feel if the president had begged—yes, begged—you to take an important office on the official board; you accepted immediately and went to a lot of work making plans for carring out the duties of the office, and then, without letting you know, she goes and appoints her husband; when you write her to find out what's going on, she never answers.

That is exactly the kind of a deal President Wesson pulled on Bob Kunde. She wrote and begged him to take the Official Editorship upon Kulzick's resignation. He accepts and wrote her immediately outlining his plans for the Organ. He also made arrangements in Chicago to have it printed where he could supervise the layout and help with the work. Then came the announcement in the delayed Oct. Organ that Mrs. Wesson had appointed Mr. Wesson to the office. Kunde wrote her, but she never answered.

If you ask us, that's pretty damn cheap and shows just what kind of a person we have for president. There are a lot of people getting fed up with the way she's been trying to run things—*including former Editor Kulzick who has joined the National!*

X-PN 4827

#132

Harler's Ferry

Vol. 1 Ryukyus Islands No. 1

And the Mimeographer?

(*This is a revision of an article that appeared in the pass-around* An Unknown Quantity, *July, 1945.*)

Many have criticized mimeographed papers and said they're not worth the room they take up, etc.

Mimeographing doesn't take as much time as setting type, but it does take time: it does show that the member is taking an active interest in the N.A.P.A. And, if that a. j. sends his (or her) mimeographed journal through the bundle, he is contributing more to ajay on a whole than the person mailing to certain *individuals* and not the entire organization.

But, as Allen Crandall says of Bob Holman: "Here is another gent who never gets around to sending me his magazine, which is my loss, not his." I feel the same as the Kansasan.

By sending papers to individuals, the editors, who are usually more experienced in a. j., are depriving the newer members of knowledge they possess. Surely they would be willing to share it.

I also believe that Vic Moitoret's "contention that the President . . . should be inspired to publish a *printed* paper at least quarterly"* be placed in the circular file and forgotten.

Because a person mimeos a paper isn't an indication that a person wouldn't make an excellent President (or other officer) for the N.A.P.A.

Willametta is a resplendent example.

**The Cemetery Rabbit*, Second Hop, May, 1945.

X-PN 4827

Harler's Ferry

Vol. 1 Okinawa No. 2

I thought I would wait until I heard how amateurdom received my journal, but I find I have thoughts bounding within my cranium—crying for release. (could be the cause of my headaches.)

Of course, I owe something to the manuscript bureau, too. My request was filled promptly, but the post-office took it's time. Therefore, the poems scheduled to appear in Number One, appear herein.

Before presenting you with the finer things of life, I shall unburden my mind in the—

Further Defense of the Mimeographer

The bundles are late out here, (the May bundle arrived the end of Sept.) but in reading the journals I have received, I found many more defending the mimeographer than I expected.

The May issue of Rusty's Comet shows the labor that can be put into mimeographing a journal. Yes; Rusty *could* easily select her material and send it to a printer, but she would lose the thrill of cutting the stencil: the same thrill setting type gives a printer; the same as a ruined stencil brings a "calling of gods" when type has been pied!

* * * *

Perhaps you remember the following from Dean Rea's *Monthly Herald* No. 30 (And Then? by Mother): " we told Dean he might have the money from all the berries he sold to buy a hectograph . . The following year the hectograph grew into a full size press."

And there is the story plainly told—it is possible to start at the bottom and work your way up. A building was never built by making the roof first, then raising it so the walls could be built. I'm not

hydrant

#134
THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 29 1945
COPY
GIFT

X-PN 4827 #135

HILLTOP

Volume 5 SPRING and SUMMER, 1945 Numbers 1 and 2

Summum Bonum

All the breath and the bloom of the year in the
bag of one bee:
All the wonder and wealth of the mine in the
heart of one gem:
In the core of one pearl all the shade and the
shine of the sea:
Breath and bloom, shade and shine, wonder,
wealth.....and how far above them.....
Truth, that's brighter than gem,
Trust, that's purer than pearl.....
Brightest truth, purest trust in the universe.....
all were for me
In the kiss of one girl.

—*Robert Browning*
(*Palgrave's Golden Treasury*)

X-PN 4827

#136

HILLTOP

Volume 6 SPRING and SUMMER, 1946 Numbers 1 and 2

White Horses

I saw ten white horses
On an emerald hill,
Champing long slender grasses
As horses will;
I saw ten white horses
Waving their white-haired manes,
Cropping bearded grasses
With wind-mixed juicy grains;
I saw ten white horses
Whiter than wax or wool,
Lie down in wild-brush shade,
Resting and beautiful!
I saw ten white horses
Start at a quick, sharp sound,
Rear and plunge to the valley
Hardly touching the ground.....
I saw ten white horses
Longingly look up the hill,
But they stayed deep in the valley
Where even the moon lay still.

—Lawrence E. Estes
(Reprint Anne Hamilton's Column)

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
GIFT

#137

The **Hudco Amateur**

Official Organ of Hudson County Amateur Press Club

Vol. 8 JERSEY CITY, N. J., MARCH 1945 No. 2

NEMETT IS WOUNDED TWICE IN FRANCE; KALTER HIT IN BELGIUM, FORBES IN GERMANY

Catton's Son Dies on Christmas—Other News

Service Men and Women of the Hudson County Amateur Press Club of New Jersey are today scattered throughout the various fronts of World War II. From everywhere come reports of their activities, their heroism—yes, their sacrifices. Since the last issue of **The Hudco Amateur**, HCAPC casualties are as follows:

DIED OF WOUNDS

Sgt. Leonard Catton, wife, Mrs. Helen Catton, 412 46th St., Union City, N. J.

WOUNDED IN ACTION

Staff Sgt. Malcolm S. Forbes, parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Forbes, Fountain Rd., Englewood, N. J.

2nd Lt. Robert P. Kalter, parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Kalter, 175 Lehigh Ave., Newark, N. J.

Pvt. George Nemett, parents, Mr. and Mrs Max Nemett, 17 51st St., Weehawken, N. J.

Although not a member himself, Sgt. Leonard Catton, 32, was the son of Fred Catton, oldtime HCAPC-er, and hence also a loss in the club family. Sgt. Catton died on Christmas Day in Belgium as the results of wounds received in action. The soldier's father writes poems and songs, and many of his writings have appeared in the local press. He is an alumnus of United. Besides his wife and parents, Sgt, Catton is survived by five brothers two of whom are in service; and five sisters. Memorial services were held January at St. Paul's Lutheran Church, West New York.

Staff Sgt. Malcolm S. Forbes, 25, wounded in action at Aachen, Germany, is an HCAPC-er of more than five years' standing. He was first attracted to amateur journalism in 1939, as a result of newspaper articles on the Jersey City United Convention, when the HCAPC was host. At that time Sgt. Forbes was editor of The Nassau Sovereign, a Princeton University magazine. In January 1940, when the HCAPC marked Benjamin Franklin Day, he came up from the university as speaker of the evening. Later in the year, Malcolm was one of the judges in the club's annual Workshop laureate contests. He entered service two years ago, being sent overseas last September. Graduated from Princeton in 1941, he was awarded a gold medal as the senior doing the most for the university. Before entering service, he was publisher of a weekly in Lancaster, Ohio. His father is the well-known publisher of **Forbes Magazine.**

(Continued on Page 3)

K-PH 4827 #138

HARLEQUIN

No. 2 Christmas 1946

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Christmas Eve, and Arlene had no place to go. True, she had taken the Hudson Tube to Newark to spend the holidays with her married sister, only to hand in her gifts at the door because her small nephew was down with scarlet fever. Poor little kid!

What now? Recently arrived from Ohio to take on a job, Arlene could not very well barge in on new acquaintances. Nothing for her to do but to return to her furnished room. She'd be warm, and she could read until bed-time. But what about Christmas dinner tomorrow? The Automat? Turkey out of a slot? The notion was incongruous.

She got back to

X-PN 4827 #139

HARLEQUIN

Number 1 June, 1946

A TOUCH OF BABEL

Pfc. Bly had majored in languages. Sitting in a small French cafe, he was about to prove to himself what a splendid student he had been. Yes sir! He pushed aside his soup-plate and said to the waiter:"Poisson", meaning fish.However, he failed to hiss the double S the way it should be hissed. The waiter, hearing only the soft Z sound of "poison" a word meaning the same in both languages, thought Bly was complaining about the soup. Bly then pointed to a still-life of fish on the wall.

The waiter beamed. "Ah, compris." He brought the fish flanked by a carafe of wine to reward the American's noble linguistic effort.

The many hazards of peace-time

627 #140

The Hoot Owl

Vol. 1 No. 2

March-April, 1946

X-PN 4827

#141

HOOT OWL

Vol. 1. September 1946 No. 5.

X-PN 4827

#1/2

HARLER'S FERRY

Vol. 1 Philadelphia, Pa. No. 4

The 51st UAPA Convention--New York

The first session of the United Convention was opened by Morris Gerber, but Joe Grosso and myself opened the first session in a skating rink.

When Haig Anlian rapped for order at the second session, Linton Clark seated himself, Jeanne Sullivan and John Miller discontinued their conversation, and Leland Hawes had pronounced Th-no-ta-sa-sa for the *n*th time. Willard Northrop continued to sell banquet tickets. The late entrance of Bill Groveman, Helen Wesson, and four others boosted the morning attendance to twenty-seven.

Even to the surprise of his wife, Charlie Heins responded to Haig's call to give the invocation.

Aside from the usual business, several interesting things took place. When Miss Sullivan reported that the MS Bureau had had a poor year, Haig immediately rapped and said, "That's all!"

Irwin Brandt's membership application was rejected.

Haig (Mailer of the Bundle of Freedom) suggested the name of the bundle be changed to the United Bundle and that it be sent to members of the Alumni. He also reported that he had rejected journals that didn't bear the *correct* United seal.

Floyd Ackerman and Linton Clark were introduced in the ante-room amid morbidly hopeful expectation.

During lunch the number of "shutter bugs" increased and, contrary to Alf Babcock's report, I shot

1-1-1 1997

#143

Harler's Ferry

VOL. 1 PHILADELPHIA, Pa. NO. 3

At last we were reversing Greely's famous saying; we were going eastward. The mornings seemed better then before—perhaps it was due to the sun rising over the bow of the ship each morning instead of rising over the fantail. Or the fact that I could look forward to another day of rest. (The return trip was the only one I didn't pull K. P.).

By the time the ship docked at San Pedro, California, I had read my fill of novels—at least enough to last me during the thirty-day leave I was hoping to get. I had enough of cards and chess, too.

The fellows were planning where they would go and what they would do with their thirty days. I only thought of some of the things I would like to do and I didn't care in what order I did them. A glass of milk, a ham sandwich and a piece of cherry (or apple) pie headed the list. Next on the list came home and once I was in Philly I promised myself a visit to the Franklin Institute, where the E. H. Smith collection is housed.

To this writing I have visited the collection twice. On my second visit I noticed quite a few volumes had been added. The latest volume is No. 340, which is the A to B of 1940.

As I looked around I recalled some of the things the Eternal Feminine had said in her account of the United Banquet. The fact that most of those present looked for *their* journals, instead of taking advantage of the opportunity they had of seeing journals they had never seen before. An out-of-towner ignoring an opportunity could be compared to a man throwing away

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#144

HUGGERMUGGER

FORMERLY THE BRAINWAVE

Vol. 2, No. 1 | PHILADELPHIA PA. | APRIL 1946
Whole Number 17 | | For The N. A. P. A.

★ STRICTLY POLITICS ★

• HUGGERMUGGER SUPPORTS •

BILL HAYWOOD FOR PRESIDENT

THE National Amateur Press Association needs a young, efficient, vigorous, active and reliable President. Therefore HUGGERMUGGER would like to suggest William Haywood for President of the N. A. P. A. Bill is putting out an excellent volume of the *National Amateur* and will have plenty of time to carry out his Presidential duties if elected. Be sure to plug HAYWOOD for President.

SESTA MATHEISON For Official Editor

FOR Official Editor we should elect a capable, loyal, interesting person. The person who fills that need is Sesta Matheison, and she has consented to serve as official editor if elected. She has made a fine record for herself as Chairman of the Board of Critics and Vice President. Let's elect someone who is able to serve, someone who is active, and who has plenty of time, vigor, and ideas—Sesta Matheison.

SALT LAKE CITY FOR 1947 CONVENTION

LET'S give the West a chance! The N.A.P.A. has not held a convention west of the Mississippi for many years. SALT LAKE CITY is the place for our 1947 Convention. Easterners need not worry about transportation. A BUS is going to be chartered to carry us all westward! Just think—four or five days of more fun than anyone ever had at a convention before—then four more in Salt Lake City where you will meet Western amateurs you have been hearing so much about, as well as all the attractions Salt Lake City holds anyway. Rally 'round, ye Spartans, for the most hilarious bus ride of your life—followed up by a convention. Remember—SALT LAKE CITY IN 1947!

The *Amateur Observer* was one of the most interesting papers in the January bundle. Derek Pugsley knows how to review journals in a very interesting way. Let's hear more from Toronto.

X-PN 4827

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD 1946

HUGGERMUGGER

SLAPSTICK JOURNALISM

Vol. 2, No. 2 | PHILADELPHIA, PA. | NAPA, UAPA
Whole Number 18 | MAY 1946 | and the AAPA

★ STRICTLY POLITICS ★

DOPE SHEET

GUY MILLER
For Secretary

WE'RE LUCKY! Some one who is a good amateur, a capable person and a tireless worker will accept the position of Secretary-Treasurer. BY ALL MEANS SUPPORT HIM! Guy has a fine record, especially as Mailing Manager, and he deserves your support.

WILLIAM K. SMITH
For Recorder

BILL SMITH is doing a fine job as Mailing Manager and he has proven himself to be a good worker and a loyal Napaian. The office of Recorder is not a hard one, and should not go to anyone who has not proved himself capable of a hard job. Bill has proved himself capable, and should be elected.

..... JUST SUGGESTIONS .....

For President	William Haywood
For Official Editor	Sesta Matheison
For Vice President	Any Suggestions (?)
For Secretary-Treasurer	Guy Miller
For Recorder	Bill Smith

INTERESTING FACTS

BOSTON has been host to more NAPA Conventions than any other city, with twelve to its credit. New York is second with eight, while Philadelphia, birth place of organized amateur journalism, ranks third with six. Buffalo and San Francisco, have had three each, Washington, Cincinnati, Detroit, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Newark, and Grand Rapids two, each.

DON'T FORGET—Philadelphia in 1950!

X-FN 4027

#146

HUGGERMUGGER

SLAPSTICK JOURNALISM

Vol. 2, No. 4 | PHILADELPHIA, PA. | NAPA - AAPA
Whole No. 20 | JUNE 1946 | 2nd June Issue

MAKING WORLD PEACE

THE international question today is one which is of the greatest importance to peoples all over the earth. On it rests their future and that of their children. On it rests the future of civilization. If the United Nations succeed in their search for world peace civilization will be able to seize even greater heights than it has to date, but if they fail the civilization which man has worked so long to attain may be crushed in a fleeting second by the atomic bomb.

Our most important task lies in avertirg another world war, which would naturally result from a number of unsettled differences between nations, their inability to understand each other and their disregard of treaties and agreements.

There are many methods which have been suggested. I would like to give my opinion of the most important ones here.

The easiest course for us to take would be to turn to total pacifism. Nations would destroy all instruments of war and no nation would be allowed to arm. This will be the ultimate solution to the problem if civilization continues long enough, but I doubt if man will be able to attain it for many years. Human nature has not advanced that far.

Other possible courses lie in those which were followed before World Wars I and II. They were the cause of these two great wars which have rocked civilization to its very foundations. They involve power politics, military alliances, and competitive arming, and their ultimate result is that total war must be waged to prevent total war.

Or, we could just give up the idea of trying to make peace within our generation and prepare for a war in which would do our best to make Democracy, not Totalitarianism come out on top. Such a war would be the result of what some feel is the inevitable; Totalitarianism in the form of Russian Communism versus Freedom in the form of American Democracy. But I feel that such a view point is entirely too pessimistic, that there is really much hope for peace in our age.

Then too, we could enter an alliance with Brittain and build up a

(To Page Three)

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#147

HUGGERMUGGER

SLAPSTICK JOURNALISM

Vol. 2, No. 3 | PHILADELPHIA, PA. | NAPA - AAPA
Whole No. 19 | JUNE 1946 | 1st June Issue

++ THE MAN IN THE CORNER ++

You over there in the corner
With your sagging lips and eyes!
Do you know your soup-smeared vest
Encircles the focal point of the universe,
The center of infinity?

Do you know you're
The middle man of time?
When you pick your nose
Half of eternity
Stops!
And the second half begins.

You were to replace the lost archangel,
And fight for the Kingdom of God.

But pudgy fingers play useless songs
On the ravelled strings of life;
And the sword is the broken tipped pencil
You left behind your ear.

—John Trevor Peirce, Jr.

THE AMERICAN A. P. A.---THE RUSSIA OF AMATEUR JOURNALISM?

The recent events in amateur journalism are very similar to what is going on in the world at large as man strives for a lasting peace.

The United of America, headed by the counterparts of Hitler and his henchmen, Noel and Erford, is sinking very swiftly.

The true UAPA has risen again. How similar their movement is to the want of people all over the world for freedom.

The resolution for a Joint Co-operating Committee of Amateur Journalism has been proposed. How similar it is to the United Nations Organization.

But there is one factor, which is so very simple to see: Linton Clark represents the agitators on the world scene today. And he has made the AAPA into another Russia—the cog in the wheels of peace and cooperation, the cog in the wheels which will make amateur journalism a very popular hobby again!

Linton Clark is the cog which must be removed.

X-PN 4827

#148

HERE IT IS—THE NEW

HUGGERMUGGER

Vol. 2, No. 7 | PHILADELPHIA | December 1946
Whole No. 23 | PA. | For the N.A.P.A.

HUGGERMUGGER PRESENTS AMENDMENT TO CONSTITUTION

THE MAN AMERICA NEEDS

THE MAN AMERICA NEEDS is the title of a pamphlet recently issued by the Republican State Central Committee of Minnesota. Making no bones about what it means, the pamphlet gives a convincing and impressive salestalk on Harold Stassen's candidacy for President of the United States, in his attempt to gain the Republican nomination a year from next July.

Convincing arguments on Stassen's qualifications were presented in detail. Each page spoke of his ability and experience in separate fields. Starting with good government, the pamphlet shows what he did as governor of the state of Minnesota, placing its government on a firm basis and cutting state debt by 30% and state expenditures 12%.

It spoke of Stassen's Minnesota Labor Peace Law, which Stassen had made law in 1937. Before the law was passed Minnesota led most of the nation's states in strikes, and afterwards the number of men striking in Minnesota was decreased 70%.

Referring to Stassen's leadership in the United States' delegation to the San Francisco [*To Page 3*

NEW LEGISLATION WOULD PROMOTE ACTIVITY IN THE N. A. P. A.

Turnepseed, Lindberg, Peirce Back The Measure

Philadelphia, December 1st— The final signature was today put on a new constitutional amendment, which will be placed before the membership of the NAPA next spring. Signed by Neal Peirce, Roy Lindberg and Willametta Turnepseed, the amendment is designed to increase activity in the NAPA. It reads as follows:

> "It shall be required of every publisher who issues a printed paper during the year, to also issue a mimeographed paper before the next convention."

The sponsors urge you to write and give your opinion of the new measure. We want to know your opinion, and hope that you will vote for it when it appears on the ballot in July.

#149

HOOT OWL

Vol. 1 Feb. 1947 No. 6

AS ONE FROM THE WEST

Some people think the west is wild,
uncultured and obsolete;
That every time one goes out-doors
one makes a swift retreat
From tribes of scalping Indians
or bull-necked buffalos . . . .
But the only place WE see these things
is at the picture shows.

Remelda N. Gibson

The HoBo

VOL 6. JAN. 1948 NO 1.

ADIOS

TED PAYER

After thirty years of faithful publication, the Rev. James Thomas of Hazel, Kentucky has suspended his well known "Hazel Star". A minister by calling he felt that just preaching from the pulpit wasn't exactly the means of reaching his congregation, so he resorted to the printed word. Not having a printing press, he decided to build one a flat bed cylindrical press.

An old porch post was used to make the cylinder for the press, and the rest of the press was made up of hard

$1.50

The HoBo

AN AMATEUR PUBLICATION

VOL 6. FEB 1948 NO 2

THE OLD HOME TOWN

There is nothing like getting back to the old home town and renewing old acquaintance. About a month ago while settling my late mothers estate I bumped into a old friend, whom I hadn't seen for years. Standing in front of the local drugstore he greeted me with "Hiya Ted" long time no see. We exchanged mutual greetings then wended our way to the coffee shop, a block down the main stem, where over two coffee cups we hashed over things past and present more of the past then anything else. It seems after years of city habitation one loses his perspective as far as friendliness is concerned, whereas in a small rural town, one seems to be drawn closer to his fellow man It's been years since I left the old home town, and

#151

THE HOBO

AN AMATEUR PUBLICATION

VOL 6. AUG 1948 NO 3

DEAR MA

THREE BOYS BOW REVERENTLY

Well here it is another year has passed away, seems funny how time has a way of getting around especially if it is someone close and beloved. Didn't know one could miss someone as we have you. Your laugh and quaint sort of humor and that everlasting coffee pot' brewing over the wood fire were a familiar trait with you. Never failed when you saw company coming to quickly put the old coffee pot to work. Oh? Yes! you were the kind who would share her last cup of coffee with most anyone who came along. That to us Boys, spelled Hospitality in anybodys language. That old scrapbook you kept of old friends, gone from this world of ours as you have done, thats about all we

X-PW 4707

#152

The Hustler

Milwaukee, Wisconsin, September 1948

THIS IS MY CREDENTIAL

I am Vivian Duerr. I live at 3313 N. Summit Ave., Milwaukee 11, Wis. I was born in Cleveland, Ohio on October 18, 1941. I am in the second grade at Hartford School and I want to join the United Amateur press Association. Eddie Daas says I have to present a credential before he will sign me up, so this is it. I am setting this type myself, but I am not big enough to feed the press, so my Daddy is printing it for me. My mother says, "Heaven protect me with two printers in the house!" It is a good thing, I guess, that my sister Joan, who is 13, is not a printer, too. This is all I can think of now.

#153

The Hay Field

New Series *No. 1*

August 1948

Xerox 4521.

#154

Huggermugger

Vol. 3, No. 3
Whole No. 27

PHILADELPHIA
PA.

February 1948
—Ajay

A CHALLENGE TO THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

By The Editor

The Republican Party stands at a crucial point in its history. After staging a remarkable comeback from its losses of the last fourteen years, the Republican party gained control of the 80th Congress in 1946. At that time its victory in 1948 was considered assured.

Since then the picture has changed. The 80th Congress has met, and has done a good job. But Republican stock has fallen critically from its high position of November 1946. The 80th Congress carried through with all its promises of the 1946 campaign. It enacted the Taft-Hartley Labor Law, which, despite the malicious propaganda concerning it which the labor czars have spread, is an excellent step towards a fair balance in labor-management relations. It balanced the federal budget for the first time since the beginning of the New Deal. It tried to reduce taxes, but was prevented doing so by the Presidential vetoes. It reduced government controls.

However, the continued rise of prices caused by the policies of the Democratic Administration has been blamed on the Republican leadership, by both the Administration and the public. We believe this accusation is unfair in that it was the President himself who set off the spark which has sent the cost of living skyrocketing when he lifted the lid on wages in August 1945. It is the President's own administration, too, that has continued to buy up goods on any market in which a surplus was threatened, lest prices go down. And it was the President himself who finally ended the OPA.

Yet the GOP is in a difficult position today. It has ths ability to take advantage of its present position and win the Presidency this year, or fall behind into a dissenting position. It will do this if it continues to take negative viewpoints; if it continues to allow men in its party structure whose defeatist attitude can mean nothing but defeat! On the other hand it can easily place in its leadership progressive men with a positive, constructive viewpoint, which can hardly help but win an election from the incompetent Truman administration.

This publication is eager to see a Republican victory in 1948. It is firmly convinced that any of the

X-PN 4827

#155

Huggermugger

Vol. 3, No. 3 PHILADELPHIA February 1948
Whole No. 27 PA. —Ajay

A CHALLENGE TO THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

By The Editor

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HI—LIGHTS

#156

Published for the United Amateur Press Association by Julie K. Bartz, 1412 N. 26 St., Milwaukee 5, Wisconsin

Vol. 1 **MAY 1948** *No. 9*

THE SUMMING UP

This issue of Hi-Lights completes a year of activity in the United, for your editor. By a stroke of fate, we missed putting out the ten issues we planned on but we are winding up with a strong nine. Last month, the local chapter celebrated its first birthday at the home of the Emerson Duerrs or "the mouse in sheep's clothing" as that gent is known to the more active members. Among the notables from out of town was that traveling enthusiast, "Unk Ebenezer" whose famed "flap-jack treat" was again proffered to all ajays present. After listening to him we went away feeling a little bit uneducated, at least as far as what little traveling we did. He is quite an energetic talker and his political acumen perked us up even tho' we disagreed on some of his viewpoints.

From all points of abservation, the party was a huge success. What CAN we say to those ladies-- Mesdames Duerr and Boehme-- whose deligence and artistic taste turned out a table of eatables that surpassed the finesse of the famous Billingsly. To "Honest Lee" (Mrs. Duerr's charming daughter Joan, who emphasizes her gramaticals with "honestly, mother!") we still suggest she picket the club's Tuesday night meeting at the library, to demand, well, at least a dollar an hour for keeping the cups full and the plates heaped.

Since son Richard came along, Vivian, small and dainty, but very energetic, kept his eyes

X-PN 4827

HI-LIGHTS

Published for the United Amateur Press Association by Julie K. Bartz, 1412 N. 26 St., Milwaukee 5, Wisconsin

Vol. 1 JUNE 1948 No. 10

#157

HOLD ON----MACDUFF

Reverberations from the past are again echoing in the halls of Amateur Journalism!! That peculiar stench, so familiar around election time, is become noticeably stronger in the different bundles. BOOMRANG and its shy editor, started us swaying. CHALLENGE knocked us down. But what really made us -- HI-LIGHTS & CO.-- foam at the mouth was the last page of that remarkable journal, NEW ESTATE! Not all of it. A few things he said hit the gong, but that clever little phrase " HOBOKEN-MILWAUKEE AXIS " sent our morning coffee up our nostrils instead of down the customary tract. We regret Mr. Lindberg, the editor, saw fit to publish that thoroughly new, and misconceived term, that sounds nefarious. Apparently, items of gossip are more important than facts. Why doesn't he look over the United Journals for the past year & point out to us at what precise time this "axis" began? Or, are you, Mr. Lindberg, trying to tell us that we've been duped by a secret code, cooked up by one prominent member here and another in New Jersey? Tch! Please! we have long ago been weaned from the breast and three-cornered pants! Many of us have responsible positions to maintain & some of us have children who are fairly intelligent in school! Are you referring to Ed Daas? You scarcely KNOW him! As for Mr. Anlian, we regret the Milwaukee members know next

X-PN 482

#158

HI—LIGHTS

Published for the United Amateur Press Association by Julie K. Bartz,
1412 N. 26 St., Milwaukee 5, Wisconsin

JULY 1948

Vol. 9 No. 6

#159

Anniversary Issue

HI—LIGHTS

Published for the United Amateur Press Association by Julie K. Bartz,
1412 N. 26 St., Milwaukee 5, Wisconsin

AUGUST 1948

Vol. 1 *No. 12*

X-PN 4827

#160

OCTOBER 1948

HIGGINS

VOL. II NO. I

X-PN 4827

#161

THE HOBO

Vol. 7 December 1949 No. 6

Excerpt from my article . . . I HAD A HIGH 'PI Q an article about my experiences learning the printing trade and my work with the shut-ins.

I HAD A HIGH " PI " Q

By Lucille Buzzell

It finally got to the stage where Gina and I started talking the same way we'd set type. Our sentences were interspersed with the words, Capital A, period, space. At last we had the July issue ready to print. It was a very hot night when we started. The back cover featured a picture of a shutin from Whitewater named Earl Hunt. We were using a heavy slick paper for our covers and a heavier ink. The lever would pick up the sheet, take it to the plate and then in-

X-PN 4827
#162

HOOSIER ~ COMMENT

September, 1949. - Number One

I have just received word that I have been chosen for the position of First Vice President of U.A.P.A. for the year 1949-1950. I wish to thank all who supported me and shall do my best to live up to the kind statements made in my behalf by George Boehme, Eddie Daas, and Percy Grover. Their support added immeasurably to my brief campaign.

Our new President, Jimmy Dolin, has just informed me of the Laureateship award in poetry for my poem "Sonnet," which was published in my "Token" last year. This is indeed a great honor to me.

HOOSIER COMMENT #163

X-PN 4827

November, 1949 - Number Three

-- Several comments are due on the last two Bundles--and mostly in the line of congratulations to new publishers. Irma Reitci has come forth with two splendid issues of CHATTERBOX--a journal which well lives up to its name. But how about some of your poetry, Irma? Marge Miller's INSPIRATION is off to a great start, and Roland Haase should issue some more SOLILOQUIES. I'm sure the readers are all in favor of more contributions by Belle Mooney such as the recent THIS WAY OUT. The papers by Frank Waggoner, Leo Martello, and L. O. Henderson, while designed for commercial use,

X-PN 4937

HOOSIER COMMENT #164

December, 1949 - Number Four

WILLIAM DARRELL WOODWARD, a prospective United member, was born at 6:53 A. M. on 23 November 1949 in Memorial Hospital, South Bend. Tipping the scales at birth at 7 lbs 14½ ozs., and measuring 22", Billy is as yet limited in his powers of expression, but it is hoped that in a few years he will be the owner of an agile and a prolific pen. My wife Carol and little Billy are back home in our new apartment and are both fine. And me? Well, if there was ever a prouder papa, I'd like to meet him. Billy was named after Bill Stover, my close friend for many years and a fellow mem-

#165

Huggermugger

Vol. 3, No. 8 PHILADELPHIA, PA., MAY 1949 Whole No. 32

THE REPUBLICAN FUTURE

BY ANTHONY F. MOITORET

A Detroit dispatch to the New York Times of March 8 reports a speech by Dr. Walter E. Spahr, executive vice president of the Economists National Committee on Monetary Policy, calling for immediate creation of a new political party that would "rather be right than elected." Such a new party was described by Dr. Spahr as a means of arresting what he called "our march into the death valley of socialism."

Both major parties were declared "bankrupt" by Dr. Spahr, who is chairman of the Department of Economics at New York University. Neither could be relied upon, he asserted, to serve the nation honestly and well, and both were working "day and night to please self-seeking pleasure groups, and both are selling the people of the United States down the river to the slavery of socialism."

The good doctor was cheered by members of the Economic Club of Detroit when he proposed the building of an organization "dedicated to truth and to constructive leadership, an organization designed to fight socialism and a governmentally managed economy in any form, and to preserve and develop the private enterprise system in this country."

It is to be presumed that most of the listeners who cheered that kind of talk were Republicans, for it is inconceivable that any good Democrat of the current species would join in the applause. The fact that the speech elicited cheers is an indication that Dr. Spahr has something, but it can be accepted seriously only as a challenge to the Republican party.

There is no need of the new party which would "rather be right than be elected." The kind of political party Dr. Spahr described can be the Republican party if its leadership will do a little soul-searching and dust off the ideals and traditions which made the party a constructive force for good in the past. The Republican party can achieve, much more surely and more effectively than any new "third party," a return to national sanity and sound monetary policies. But Republican leadership must first quit copy-cat tactics and the "me, too" song-and-dance strategy based on the theory that only imitation of New Deal fallacies will bring success at the polls.

Many rank and file Republicans today are thoroughly disgusted with their party. But they have no place else to go. They'd like to see the party purged of all unrepentant backsliders. They'd like to see state

HOJA VOLANTE

xxjv

August 1949

Published quarterly
for its members by the
Zamorano Club
Los Angeles, California

W. W. ROBINSON, EDITOR
GRANT DAHLSTROM, PRINTER

For the record

Dana Jones is chosen a trustee of Occidental College and *Ben Kirby* a trustee of Scripps College . . . *W. B. Pettus*, an enthusiast for pre-Gutenberg printing, presents the Club with two examples of movable type from Korea, one metal, one wood, Chinese ideographs, which were used 40 years before Gutenberg Bible days . . . *Harold Doolittle* exhibits his aquatints in Chicago, in a joint showing with Leslie Thompson, secretary of the Chicago Society of Etchers . . . *Francis Farquhar* contributes a foreword to the Grabhorn Press' *Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo*, keepsake issued to the Friends of the Bancroft Library . . . *W. W. Robinson* explains the early California land holding system to a *Neal Harlow*-piloted group of Special Librarians meeting in Glendale during their recent convention . . . The work of *Willis Kerr*—since "retirement"—in making books free, partly through his editorship of *Cooperative Notes*, which circulates information about acquisitions, trends, and book resources of southern California, is told with appreciation by Everett Moore, reference librarian, UCLA, in the March *California Librarian Bulletin* . . . *Elmer Belt's* story of the books which made up Leonardo da Vinci's personal library is scheduled for the Fall issue of the *News-Letter* of the Book Club of California. . . . And, loans from the Elmer Belt Library of Vinciana contributed greatly to the success of the Leonardo da Vinci Loan Exhibition at the Los Angeles Museum June 3 to July 17 . . . *Don Hill* soaks up northwestern atmosphere during his summer excursion into the Wyoming-Montana country. . . . *Don Charnock*, *Robert Vosper*, and *Carl Dentzel* are letting friends know that they are now members of E Clampus Vitus. . . . *Dave Allison* displays his versatility in oil paintings, largely still life and portrait, at the University Club. . . . *Dwight Clarke* flies 17,000 miles in one month and drops in on Honolulu and Manila. . . . *Jackson W. Chance* is named to the Judiciary Committee and *Homer D. Crotty* to the Law Lectures Committee of the Los Angeles Bar Association's committees for 1949-1950. . . . *Larry Powell* tells readers of the July 9 *Antiquarian Bookman* about the common interests and working relations of booksellers and librarians, in return for which the same magazine describes the notable collections in the Clark Library. . . . "The Clampers," by *Carl Wheat*, appearing in the February *Pacific Historical Review*—and later in *Rushing for Gold* (University of California Press)—is the best account to date of the mysterious ECV. . . . Many Zamoranos were spotted in the audience during the performance of Old Block's "A Live Woman in the Mines" during the Fifth Annual Founder's Day celebration at the Clark Library June 5. . . . The Bancroft indexing team admits that *Dana Jones* is in the lead, for Dana is more than half way through his chore. . . The biographies of numerous Zamoranos appear in the first edition—under Marquis editorship—of *Who's Who on the Pacific Coast*, one of a new series of Marquis regional biographical dictionaries.

He contributed much

THE ZAMORANO CLUB lost a favorite member when *Sam Farquhar* died May 23 at Princeton, New Jersey, where he had gone for the annual meeting of the Association of American University Presses and where he was stricken with pneumonia. In his death California lost a distinguished craftsman in the

X-PN 4827 #167

HOOSIER COMMENT

January, 1950 -- Number Five

HAPPY NEW YEAR FOR 1950

TO

UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASS'N

AND ITS MEMBERS!

EXTENSION OF SONNET CONTEST:

The final date for the Sonnet Contest announced in the November MAIL POUCH is being extended from December 15 to February 28, 1950. For the best serious sonnet sent to Robert H. Woodward, Box 1452, South Bend, Indiana, he will award a copy of his book, DISTANT JOURNEY AND OTHER POEMS. The prize poem

HOOSIER COMMENT

March, 1950 --- Number Seven

#168

RESULTS OF SONNET CONTEST:

A-PN 4827

Alexander A. Robertson, of Brentwood, Maryland, won the prize in the contest with his lovely sonnet, "How Like a Child." The poem may be found in the March issue of "The Man Says." A copy of "Distant Journey and Other Poems" has been mailed to him as first prize. The results of the contest were very satisfactory, and I wish to thank for their cooperation many members, among whom are Ella C. Cunningham, Percy Grover, Marge Miller, Savilla Slothower, Margaret R. Lohr, Rachel Van Creme, Belle S. Mooney, and Paul Steffens. And to Eddie Daas I am especially grateful for his splendid cooperation with the contest.

X-PR 4821 #169

HOOSIER COMMENT

July, 1950 ---- Number Eight

Since my last COMMENT was published in March, much of my life has changed. My absence from the bundle since then has been due rather to more pressing responsibilities than to a loss of interest. My father died unexpectedly on March 28, leaving my mother, my sister, and me, as well as his many friends and associates, with the remembrance of a fine and noble man. I deeply regret that he could not have survived to witness the many changes in our little Billy. *Since March I have received a promotion in my work, adding not only to my income but to my duties as well. I have completed one further course on my Master's Degree and have extended my study of German. And early in the

X-PN 4827 #170

H O O S I E R C O M M E N T

August, 1950 --- Number Nine

It is my sincere regret, as President of the U.A.P.A., that it has not been possible this term to publish even one issue of the UNITED AMATEUR. Various situations have prevented this; but Eddie Daas and George Boehme have done a splendid job of keeping the association supplied with official news via their journals. Theirs has been a splendid record of accomplishments this year.--- In case I have to enter the army again, which seems likely at this writing, I do not wish to carry around the few remaining copies of DISTANT JOURNEY in my duffel bag. U.A.P.A. members may obtain copies for $1.25 each. (See ad on back.) Those who have read it have liked it. Perhaps you will, too.---R.H.W.

x- PN4827

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THE HAY FIELD

New Series *July 1950* *No. 3*

Printed at the Caynton Press among Welsh hills on the Llanrhos Road, Pen-hyn Bay, Llandudno, by Arthur Harris and Edited by G. W. Macauley of 422, Washington Street, Grand Rapids, Michigan, U.S.A.

FROM

By

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X-PN 4827

#172

Number 9 • April 1950

Happy Daze

Published by
BERNICE MCCARTHY SPINK, 1900 Ansel Rd., Cleveland 6, Ohio

At Long Last

HERE is another HAPPY DAZE! Fourteen years have rolled by since the first issue after the Grand Rapids convention (where, incidentally, I met Helm Spink). Of course there were subsequent issues, but I shall always remember the thrill I got from that first one, printed by my uncle, Vincent B. Haggerty. When writing it little did I dream that it would be so well received. The many acknowledgments surprised and pleased me, especially those from such well remembered old timers as Edwin B. Swift, Michael F. Boechat, C. W. (Tryout) Smith, Edward F. Suhre, and Edwin Hadley Smith.

During the years I've been a member of the NAPA I've spent many hours in numerous amateur printshops, but never learned to set type. One of the fellows was always going to teach me, but we never seemed to get to it. I'm sure during the years I folded thousands of papers and stitched many too (for I was doing that for my Uncle Vincent long before I ever joined the NAPA).

After Helm and I married we talked many times of my learning to set type, but too many other things seemed to fill our hours, and once again it was pushed aside. How-

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Huggermugger

Vol. 5; No. 3
Whole No. 35

PHILADELPHIA
PA.

August 1950
For the NAPA

CLEVELAND CONVENTION IMPRESSIONS

By Dora Hepner Moitoret

Arrived Hotel Cleveland at 4 p. m. July 1st. Checked into a cubicle known as a single room with bath. Flash of claustrophobia, after months in wide open spaces. Half hour soak in luxurious tub dispelled phobias and queries. Dinner at Mills; new experience, paying a penny for napkin and silver. Think I see Guy Miller leaving the restaurant. Victor and Roena join me. What do we do now? Go into the bar, said Victor, and see who's here. Ask at the desk, said I. Yes, a meeting is scheduled for the Rose Room at 8 p. m. It is now nearly 9. The sound of chatter, a rush of welcome as we enter the Rose Room, and the convention is on.

An arm about my waist, I turn to greet sweet Sesta. There are Harry and Mrs. Martin welcoming us. I met dignified Earl Bonnell for the first time. Guy Miller affirms my supposition in Mills. Recognize rosy Rusty from her pictures. A rush of the armed forces and bear hugs from Wesson and Ralph. Renew friendly acquaintances with Bob Kunde and Clyde Townsend, whom I had conventioned with in Milwaukee in '48. Hear someone say Pearl Adoree Franklin, and rush to meet my nature-loving partner, and her sparkling sister Maizie Myers. Have trouble pronouncing Adoree and drop it altogether in my introductions. Meet Clele Mathieson and the Alec Thompsons. Establish palship with the exciting Neal Peirce. Ned Powell relates his drinking sprees, his wife says nothing, just looks beautiful.

Someone introduces me to L. V. Heljeson and my tongue sticks in my mouth. I emit some sort of silly jargon and he moves on. Harold Ellis comes in late from a dinner with the Spinks and Vondy, and I find him as solid and fine as his writings. Bernice is as lovely as her pictures have shown through the years, and Helm is Helm forever, growing nicer as he grows happier. Vondy is besieged in the outer room and is lost in the crowd.

Harry Scott of Pontiac has come along with Clyde, he isn't a writer or publisher, but is going to enjoy the convention. The young blood gathers; Ned Reeves' gangling height, Roy Lindberg's substantiality, Dick Branch's slenderness, Tommy Whitebread's bushy hair and eternal smile register themselves as introductions are made. Glad to meet Bob Dunlap, quiet and pleasant.

Where do we go from here? The printers wander off for an all night session in Spink's shop, the mimeographers deploy to the parking lot set-up while the rest of us get some shut-eye. The room looks larger, because its comfort is so adequate.

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XXVI

FEBRUARY 1950

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY FOR ITS MEMBERS
BY THE ZAMORANO CLUB
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
W. W. ROBINSON, EDITOR
GRANT DAHLSTROM, PRINTER

ZAMORANO WORLD

¶ "Cut spending and cut taxes" is *Dwight Clarke's* advice to the government in a statement made by him in December before the joint Congressional Economic Subcommittee seeking ways to provide capital for small business . . . Back from Washington Dwight is named chairman of the membership committee of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce by president Al Gock . . . "The only books I saw in Texas were Zane Grey, acres of them," comments *John Goodman* in from Marfa on the Rio Grande (where he is working on a picture, "Deadfall," starring John Barrymore, Jr.) to eat a real steak with the L. A. Corral of the Westerners . . . Tentatively and optimistically *Don Charnock* sets September 9, 1950—Admission Day—as completion date for the indexing of Bancroft, including editorial and stenographic work . . . *Jackson Chance* is being installed this month as a trustee of the Los Angeles Bar Association for 1950 . . . Clampatriarchs *Wheat* and *Woods* make the sign of the well jackass at the recent Death Valley meeting of ECV, while *Craham* and *Hanna* bog down at Furnace Creek Inn . . . The death at his home in Balboa of former Zamorano *Fred Young* (of the famous printing firm of Young and McCallister) is announced . . . During 1950 *Lawrence Powell* heads the California Library Association with its 2500 members. As director of UCLA's library, Larry attends January conferences with bookmen in New York, Washington, and Chicago . . . In testimony given before the California Assembly Committee To Investigate Sex Crimes, Dr. *Marcus Craban* urges the "need of mental prisons to house sex offenders" . . . Collectors of Crottyana grab the September issue of the *Quarterly* of the Historical Society of Southern California and the November *Los Angeles Bar Bulletin*, each containing a lively—though expurgated—account of the constitutional convention of 1849, by *Homer D. Crotty*, and also the reprint of the *Quarterly* article . . . Book news that should not be missed is contained in *Dick Archer's* antiquarian notes that appear each Saturday in the book section of the *Daily News* . . . *Thornton Douglas* heads the handling committee of the local accountants that hosted the national meeting of the American Institute of Accountants in the Biltmore . . . Late spring is selected by Wm. Morrow & Co. for the publication of the *Lindley Bynum*-Idwal Jones opus on Gene Biscailuz . . . *Carl Wheat* highlights the story of California as an opener on November 12 in Washington of the exhibit in the Library of Congress of rare books, manuscripts, maps, photographs, and documents commemorating the 100th anniversary of the Gold Rush and the adoption of the first constitution of the state. The catalogue, a hundred-page beauty, is available for a dollar from the government printing office. This exhibit is slated to be shown later in California . . . An amusing and delightful piece is *The Fine Art of Reviling*, translated from the Chinese by *William B. Pettus* and presented by William himself as a keepsake to Club members . . . The story of Zebulon Pike, the first of a series of capsule accounts of routes of exploration and trade in the American Southwest, being written by *J. Gregg Layne*, appears in the January *Westways* . . . *Harlow, Layne*, and *Robinson* do their stuff before the Westerners, letting listeners in on the Mexican War, Los Angeles eccentrics, and

Kathlyn Mann, Editor 4567 No. 39th St., Milwaukee 9, Wisconsin

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Vol. 1 No. 1 - July 1950

However comma

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

X-PN 4827

For those members of the U. A. P. A. who love to invest their time and money in the wealth of current literature, I present my observations.

Taste in books, as in other matters, is a personal thing. Therefore, my opinions, in some respects, may differ from yours. But I love to read. I feel as empty-handed without a book as does a writer without a pen. And, being an omniverous reader, I love to talk about books:

What I like about them---
Or dislike about them---
Wherein I think an author fell short of his aim---
Or wherein he splendidly succeeded;
The way an author turns a phrase---
Moulds a character---
Illuminates a problem---
Or a period of time.

Do you like to talk about books?

The two discussed below are considered in this review chiefly because they are very new. I have not read other reviews about them. And I do not consider these selections either the best or the worst Of the books I have read.

THE OTHER FATHER, a Simon & Schuster publication by Laura Hobson, began life under a handicap--it succeeded that best-seller by the same author, GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT. Frederic Jackson wrote a mediocre tale in similar haste, THE FALL OF VALOR, to succeed his successful LOST WEEKEND, and few would say that THERE WAS A TIME, a novel which trod on the heels of Taylor Caldwell's THIS SIDE OF INNOCENCE, compared in interest to Miss Caldwell's first great work. If it is true that many writers of ability have only one story to tell, Laura Hobson has already told hers.

There is a singleness of purpose in GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT, a unity of plot which is entirely lacking in THE OTHER FATHER. One is left with the impression that Mrs. Hobson, in her anxiety to produce another novel while her first success was still fresh in the public mind, too hastily threw together as many of the standard plot situations as could conceivably be placed between two covers, wound them quite inextricably together, and hustled it off to the publishers before anybody had a chance to tell her she'd better re-write it. According to the blurb on THE OTHER FATHER'S jacket, this "searching novel of family life explores the hidden relationship between a father and daughter." That's what it says. However comma, I have never noticed any particular similarity between the plot outlined on a

#176

VOLUME I NUMBER I **HOMESPUN** MARCH 1950

"My 'CHIPS' sure started a conflagration, reaching as far as California! A hot fire while it lasted. Out of the embers emerged a new name, which, while warm, has a more lasting quality, and I hope a greater value."

RACHEL VAN GRIEE, Editor

WILLIAMSTOWN, W. VA.

"GENEROUS GEORGE.

He's right on the ball with a talkie
And makes us all walk on the chalkie;
He mails out the Dockets
With dough from his pockets,
This "Generous George" from Milwaukee.
(Let's help the guy.)

Rachel

CHINS UP

Keep a trustin', Spring's a comin',
Bluebirds singin', buildin' nests;
God's still keepin' house in Heaven,
Watchin' out for what is best...

Don't quit prayin' when in trouble
Just keep lookin' for the Sun;
'Fore you know it, things are better,
Old Man Trouble's on the run!

Rachel

TULIP TIME

In Spring the sap begins to run...
But men must pay for all their fun;
When two lips set their clever traps,
They pucker up and catch the "Saps."

Rachel

THE SUM

Not years to life but life to years
Gives more of joy and less of tears.

Rachel

LEGACY

A new year is a magic chest,
Untold wealth is in it:
A golden chain of precious Hours,
Every link a Minute.

Tears and laughter, sadness, song,
Jeweled gems, that lend
Richness to the legacy,
Ours to keep or spend...

A new year is a magic chest
The gift of Time is in it;
Then guard it well, and do not lose
One precious, golden Minute!

Rachel

WASHDAY BLUES

Spring it seems is our undoing;
Then the wine of life is brewing...
Drest in beauty for our viewing,
Nature taunts us with her wooing.

Wedding bell, the love-birds cooing,
Honeymoon--too oft ensuing
Silence,--followed by boo-hooing!
Boiling simmers down to stewing...

When the birds are all cuckooing
Honey turned to bitter rue-ing,--
Chew your cud and stop your mooing;-
White is whiter with some blue-ing!

Rachel

Living Art

Religion is not fashioned out of perfect deeds, expended;
But rather, pieced from broken lives, the grace of God has mended.

Rachel

See you next Month.
("Keep the Home Fires Burning")

-Rachel-

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#177

VOLUME I
NUMBER 2
APRIL 1950

HOMESPUN

RACHEL VAN CREME
EDITOR
WAVERLY ROAD,
WILLIAMSTOWN,
WEST VIRGINIA

***** "WRITTEN FOR THE U.A.P.A. BUNDLE" *****

* *

After that Giant California Redwood rolled over my poor, little old "CHIPS", leaving me crushed and sore, I told George there would be no more papers; but being a friendly soul, hungry for friendship among people who speak my language, I hoped you would accept me as a humble Poet of the Hills. So I chose the word "HOMESPUN", not as a Noun but as an Adjective, meaning Plain, Simple, Native.

Thanks to all who sent cards and letters; later, when I have more time, and we get better acquainted, I shall write you all. Like Arthur Ortmeyer, the Indiana Coupleteer,

"When writing once becomes a habit,
It multiplies just like a rabbit."

My first two papers were mostly humorous, a sort of nervous giggle, being new at this sort of thing. But in spite of what the Critics tell us about such "Low-brow stuff", most folks like it better than Senseless Sonnets. Jim Dolin's article about Poetry was refreshing; wish more Poets had the courage to express themselves. (How's this for a Starter?)--

Some Poets are NUTS, their verses show it;
I thought so once and now I know it!
Rachel (included)

Cecile Bonham said something I think is good advice:

"So choose with care each word you write,
That should you find it on the shelves
You then can view it with delight,
And not desire to shoot yourselves!"

Keep writing,-- A letter, like a hand shake, "Match-mates"
Is welcome any time;
Our lines may match another's,--
A Couplet, meant to rhyme!
-Rachel.

* *

ONE DAY OF SPRING

This may be the last Spring
That ever I shall see.....
It may be the last bouquet
Of Lilac bloom for me.

Then let me take my fill,
Drink deep of Nature's wine;
The beauty of the earth,
Its marvelous design.

A day is worth a lifetime
If that one day be Spring;
For earth is close to Heaven
With Bluebirds on the wing.
- Rachel.

DREAMERS, STILL

O, April, pearl of all the year!
You tell me: youth's no longer here..
Tho spring-tide blossoms bravely rise,
Tears take the sunshine from my eyes...
O, April, taunt me as you will!
Yet youth and I are dreamers, still.
- Rachel.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

In words of warmth I'll wrap me o'er
Like homespun, held against the cold;
With any grief they may enfold
Revealed in outline, and no more.
- Rachel.

Until next month, Chins Up.

X-PN 4827

RACHEL VAN CREME, EDITOR
WAVERLY ROAD,
WILLIAMSTOWN,
WEST VIRGINIA

HOMESPUN

VOLUME I
NUMBER 3

MAY 1950

#178

***** "WRITTEN FOR THE U. A. P. A. BUNDLE" *****

* *

Greetings, from below the Mason-Dixon Line, (which was named for two engineers who surveyed the Line, to settle a boundry dispute between Pennsylvania and Virginia).

The BUNDLE has played hock with my Housecleaning Schedule! I get so anxious, along about the 15th., I can hardly wait for the mail. Your cards and letters arrive days before the Bundle, exciting me all the more. Guess my name must be the last one on the list. But this time it came on Saturday, the 22nd., giving me a week-end start.

The weather here is too beautiful to stay indoors, a month or so earlier than in Milwaukee, I believe. The Spirit of Fellowship permeates the Bundle this month, sweet as the perfume from the Vase of Poet Narcissus on my desk. How did I ever get along without the WAPA? Those who put something in the Bundle get the most out of it.

"Some don't get nothin' out of life:
But when their whines begin,
We often can remind them
That they don't put nothin' in."

Just like when I sent ONE page for HOMESPUN - when it came it had TWO. Thanks, George and Eddie. Also, Faith Mary Oemig for the clever verses.

How I would love to be there to help bunch the Bundle! Lucky Duet! Volumes could be written about the fine Papers this month, but will sum it all up in one word: SUPER.

****

HAVE A LITTLE TALK WITH YOURSELF
(Written for the Amateurs)

When you have a song to sing,
Sing it!
If the rhythm needs a swing,
Swing it!
Never put it off and say:
"Not just now, some other day."
Lady Luck may pass you by
Just because you didn't try...

When a story you would tell,
Tell it!
If it's good enough to sell,
Sell it!
If you want your work to rate,
Work like HECK and soon or late
You will pass the final test,
See your name there, with the rest!

Rachel.

I will see you soon,
Sometime in June.

Bye, Rachel

THE RETURN

My Catbird came back home today,
I heard his mocking song.
The Lilac bush, in mauve array
Has waited for him, long.

No other song can compensate,
He fills my cup with joy...
Once more I stand beside the gate
A carefree, country boy.

While rosy dreams of yesterday
Appear, like tapestry;
And Hope which seemed so far away
Returns again to me.

Rachel.

BEYOND THEIR POWER

No cruel wars or blasts of hate
Can stop the coming of the Spring.
Nor kill the seeds of Hope
that wait
For Faith's eternal blossoming.

Rachel

VOLUME 1
NUMBER 4

JUNE 1950

#179

RACHEL VAN CREME
Editor

HOMESPUN

WAVERLY ROAD,
WILLIAMSTOWN,
WEST VIRGINIA

----***--

VOLUME 1
NUMBER 5
JULY 1950

HOMESPUN

RACHEL VAN CREME, EDITOR
WAVERLY ROAD
WILLIAMSTOWN,
WEST VIRGINIA

#180

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

****

June is the month of Weddings and Graduations, (also Caterpillars and June Bugs). How does the little Caterpillar know where to find the stuff to fill 'er?

July is the month for Vacations and Visiting for some of us,but for those who stay at home it is to raise food, cook it and wash dishes. (and be deviled by the Vacationers and Visitors.) July also means SWEAT, MOSQUITOES and POISON IVY. No poet is at his best in July. In Winter, sitting by the fire, we sparkle with our wit; in Summer's heat we just perspire,--And rest our wits a bit.

Have you seen the May issue of Phoenix? See the Art cover and the story of the Hobby Show, by Chatterbox.

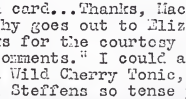
Love that man from Texas! The fourth card...Thanks, Mac, for all that publicity in Newsmonger...My sympathy goes out to Elizabeth Miller in her hour of sorrow...Also my thanks for the courtesy of giving me so much space in her lovely "Spring Comments." I could also mention: Molasses and Sulphur, Boneset Tea, And Wild Cherry Tonic, Put the Spring in me. And Lela's Fish Story had Paul Steffens so tense pulling in that King Salmon, that his pipe went out! ...No Smoke Rings in June.

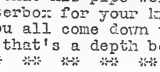
Thanks, Chatterbox for your kind words; and to all who wrote Cards and Letters. You all come down to West Virginia this Summer and have a Mint Julep. (that's a depth bomb with a Southern drawl.)

** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** **

IN LIVING FLAME

A poet's mind cannot explain
The music of the unseen wind; *
The earthy sweetness of the rain
Or how the curled buds unbind.
Beyond his power to comprehend
How life from some small seed can start;
Or why the Willows dip and bend
Above a pool where minnows dart...





The words I write upon this page,
Obeying some unseen command,
A poet in some future age
Will read and better understand...
Sometimes all language falls away.
A Rose in bloom can put to shame
The studied lines I write today...
It speaks in words of living flame!

* (English pronunciation)

Rachel.

** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** **

This page is as hard to balance as the Family Budget...So very quiet here, after 50,000 Fans descending on us for the 40th Annual Regatta of the IRA, on the Ohio at Marietta; (across the river from Williamstown.) Those 41 Bronzed Giants were a sight to thrill any American. We were proud to welcome them.

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 6 AUGUST - 1950

HOMESPUN

RACHEL VAN CREME, EDITOR WAVERLY ROAD, WILLIAMSTOWN, WEST VIRGINIA

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

Above my desk is a green felt pennant, with the words Ten Sleep, Wyoming. The pretty girl who sold it together with a box of Pine-scented stationery, told us why the town was so named. It seems, the Indians counted distance by so many "sleeps"; so Ten Sleep was 10 "sleeps" away from their camp. By the time you read this page it will be only a few "sleeps" till the Big Convention.

These August days are too long, and the nights all too short.

"Wash over me, God, with your piney breeze...And your moon's wet, silver pool;... Wash over me, God, with your wind and night,... And leave me clean and cool."... For, "My bed is too small for my tiredness ... I'll take a hill for pillow, soft with trees... And draw up the clouds, tight under my chin... God, blow the moon out, please."

There is already a feel of Fall in the air, when the sun goes down. and the CALL OF THE CAMP is haunting my dreams. I love Nature and her loyal books, and I count the trees and stars my friends, the sun and shade my comforters.

"When night has dimmed the trail with her sable robe, give me a glowing fire, and a friendly welcome in a brookside camp, under a smiling moon, in the LAND O' HEART'S DESIRE."

"Tho we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not." So, "I'll walk on a rainbow trail, walk on a trail of song; and all about me will be beauty. There is a way out of every dark mist, over a rainbow trail." But I shall remember: "The journey of a thousand miles begins with one step." Also, that "Every mountain has at least two valleys." But, "Who is in love with loveliness... Need not shake with cold;... For he may tear a star in two... And frock himself in gold."

"Tell me of Progress if you will,
But give me sunshine on a hill--
Grey rocks, aspiring to the blue,
The scent of larches, pinks and dew;
And summer, sighing in the trees,
A snowy breath on every breeze...
Take towns, and all that you find there,
And leave me sun, and mountain air."

"God give me hills to climb and strength for climbing."

X-PM

#182

Number 10 • June 1951

Happy Daze

Published by
BERNICE MCCARTHY SPINK, 1900 Ansel Rd., Cleveland 6, Ohio

Six Weeks for $3

MOST of the members of the NAPA pay little or no attention to the constitution until they become personally involved. Within recent months several have discovered that a former member who is reinstated within a year pays dues for the period when he was not a member. This is often unfair, and I feel that it creates ill will toward the association. As I shall explain in a moment, it is not unusual for a person to get only six weeks' membership for a full year's dues, and technically he can get as little as one day! It was to correct this situation that I proposed an amendment (No. 5) to the constitution. Although No. 5 has been withdrawn, the proposal is contained in No. 6, which rearranges our membership provisions in a more logical order.

It is the consensus that a person best qualified to discuss a subject is one who has had actual experience in the matter under discussion. I feel qualified. Not only have I been secretary for the past eighteen months, but I also served for the years 1939-1941, at which time we had a different constitution and different provisions concerning membership.

X-PN 4827

#183

Number 11 • Sept. 1951

Happy Daze

Published by
BERNICE MCCARTHY SPINK, 1900 Ansel Rd., Cleveland 6, Ohio

Sorry!

A SERIOUS error in the *National Amateur* was due to our misunderstanding Helen Wesson's idea of the "third man mailer." As she has since explained, the plan would not change the duties of the mailer in either association. The third man would handle only those papers being sent to everyone who is a member of either association.

Checking both membership lists, I find only thirty duplicates, of whom only about half publish papers, so far as I know. I can see no advantage in having a third mailer at this time but agree with Helen Wesson that it might be practical in the future.

BELATEDLY I'd like to add my public thanks to the Philadelphia members, especially Harold and Hazel Segal and Verle Heljeson, for all they did to make the convention so enjoyable. The minutes of that convention were made as brief as possible in order to save space in the *National Amateur*. Even so, Alf found it necessary to cut them further. Although I was disturbed by some of his changes and the result leaves much to be desired, I think he did a good job and deserves thanks for his hard work.

X-PN 4827

#184

THE HOOSIER SCRAPBOOK

VOL. I. FOURTH QUARTER, 1951 NO. 2.

PONDERING

Perusing the "Bundle", the thought came to me:
What a wonderful group the "United" must be –
New friendships created, surprises in store
(From readers who pamper, and critics galore).
"Old-timers" may laugh at us writers who start
To put into rhythm the thoughts from our heart;
And, too, those who "doctor" the verses we've made
Beyond recognition. (Are we helped or betrayed?)
Fond memories will linger, no time can erase;
But I must quit musing (ten lines fill this space).
– Ye Hoosier Editor.

MEMBER OF U.A.P.A.

WINIFRED BAKER, EDITOR

751 OHIO STREET, COLUMBUS, INDIANA, U.S.A.

A-PN 4827

#185

HOOT OWL

Combined with Forty Winks & The Tabloid

Vol. 3, No. 1 Flushing, N. Y. Single Page Edition Feb. 1951

HOOT OWL, FORTY WINKS & TABLOID GET A LARGER PRESS IN THEIR SHOP!

NEW EQUIPMENT MAY MEAN MORE PUBLISHING ACTIVITY

We finally managed to get a 6½ x 10 Chandler & Price Pilot handpress. This permits a larger page size than we had been using. Now all we need is some time to get back into the active group again.

When we publish, the issue will bear all three names as this one does, with one name prominently displayed. Thus all three names will be kept before the ajay world.

CLIPS AND COMMENTS

¶ Remind us never to attempt a 12 pica line in 10 point type again. The type is too big for the length of the line. It takes too long to justify each line.

¶ We wonder how many publishers of 20 years ago could be tracked down and wooed back into ajay activity again.

¶ HOOT OWL will be 20 years old in July of this year!

TELEVISION BUSINESS IS HECTIC

Your editor has been in the throes of a 70 to 75 hour work week for the past 5 months. We are in charge of the film department of a TV station in N. Y. (WOR-tv). This rigorous schedule has made us suspend publishing until now. TV is a tense but interesting field We will tell you more about TV in forthcoming issues. This is a subject which is of rather widespread interest. We will be pleased to answer questions about television station operation, if we can.

THE HOOT OWL ALMANAC FOR FEBRURARY

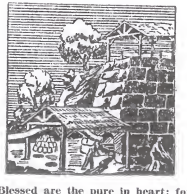
7th, Ash Wednesday
12th, Lincoln's Birthday
14th, Valentine's Day
22nd, Washington's Birthday

Printed and published by
Ernest M. Pittaro
137-65 70th Ave., Flushing, N. Y.

Number Seven of Hopewell Leaves

X-PN 4827

#186



Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Matthew 5:8.

JULY 1952

+ Easter ++

THE HOOSIER

SCRAPBOOK

X-PN 4827

#168

THE MELLOW BELLOW OF

The Hoosier

Bull

In which a stranger butts into the field of "amateur journalism."

HOBBIES

THE MAGAZINE FOR COLLECTORS #189

tells where to buy, sell and trade everything old, historic, or antique.

Regular, specialized sections of the magazine each month are devoted to: Antiques . . . Glass . . . China . . . Coins . . . Dollology . . . Autographs . . . Music . . . Books . . . Orientol . . . Old Prints . . . Lincolniana . . . Buttons . . . Stamps . . . Paintings . . . Museums . . . Circusiana . . . Antique Jewelry . . . Firearms . . . Automobiliana . . . Old Silver . . . Bells . . . Indian Relics . . . Gems and Minerals . . . Post Cards . . . Natural History . . . Back Number Magazines . . . Miniaturia . . . Genealogy . . . Match Box Labels.

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☐ Enclosed is $2.50 for 1-year subscription.

☐ $1.25 for 6-month subscription. ☐ $3.00 for Foreign subscription.

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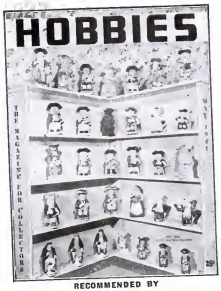
ADDRESS .....



RECOMMENDED BY
RALPH F. CUMMINGS
Fisherville, Mass., U.S.A.

X-PN4827.H

#190

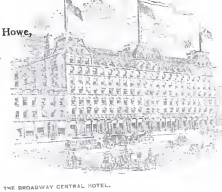
Honorificabilitudinitatibus.

Vol. 1. Hartford, Conn., September, 1898. No. 2.

FOR the second time in the history of the organization a convention of the National Amateur Press Association has been held in New York city. The senior editor of this paper was probably the only delegate who participated in both conventions. The convention of 1883 is famous in our annals; the convention which came fifteen years later will not be so much so. The earlier convention was exciting and at times turbulent; the later one was more gentle, possibly owing to the presence of the more gentle sex. It was two years, if our memory serves us correctly, after the first New York convention that the festive board of a N. A. P. A. banquet was graced by a lady. The recent convention will not go into history as one of our more memorable gatherings, but it was nevertheless a great one. All N. A. P. A. conventions are great, but some are greater than others.

The attendance was moderate in numbers but fairly representative geographically. Contrary to general expectation, New York did not lead the states in number of actual members present, though quite a number of old-timers from Greater New York paid the convention a visit. Among those present at some time during the gathering were the following amateur journalists of the past, the present and the future:

England—Alfred H. Pearce.
California.—John L. Peltret.
New Hampshire.—Donat J. Lefebvre.
District of Columbia.—Sarah Willard Howe, Marie Howe, Mrs. Howe.
Illinois.—Samuel J. Steinberg, Hervey H. Dorr, Mrs. Hervey H. Dorr.



The self-same inn.
—*Comedy of Errors*.

THE BROADWAY CENTRAL HOTEL.

X-PN 4827 #191

H

LEATHER SOCKING

Edition of the Hopewell Leaves for MARCH 1952

(3)

I LOVE HIM BETTER EVERY DAY

I love Him better every day,
I love Him better every day,
Close by His side,
I will abide,
I love Him better ev'ry day.

✝

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Psalms 51:10.

#192

X-PN 4827

GREETINGS!

EASTER, 1952

#193

HANDS TOGETHER

X-PN4827
H

**"We have seen His star in the East,
and are come to worship Him!"
(–St. Matthew 2:2)**

X-PN4827

#194

Hopewell Leaves

Founded January 1952 by Wilfried Myers

Volume 2 December 1953 Number 12

JAN 12 1954
Copy

O God, be not far from me: O my God, make haste for my help.
Psalms 71:12.

X-?N 4827
H

#195

Hopewell Leaves

Founded January 1952 by Wilfried Myers
Volume 2 March 1953 Number 3

Trees seem to have so much to say
Upon a very windy day.

What is a woman's club?
A place where kindly thought is cherished,
Where high ideals are fed and nourished,
Where charity and all its beauty
Are felt to be a sacred duty;
Where love and harmony abound
And members meet on common ground.

I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.—Psalm 27:13, 14.

5
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5 Copy
#196

Margie M Croft
R#4-Lima, Ohio
(Editor)

United Amateur Press
Association Publication

Jan. 1953 - Vol.1 - No.1

* *

New Years Resolution: 'I RESOLVE:'
To make my life so free of care,
So full of faith and love and prayer,
That everyone I chance to meet
Might search to make their world complete!

* *

"NEW HORIZONS!"

New Year!
New hopes are now arising!
We view a dawning
Free of pain now past.
We see life's slate,
Washed clean of our surmising
As we rejoice
In dreams come true at last!

New Year!
New life is ours for living!
The dusky shades
Of yester-year are gone.
The golden glow
Of sunrise brings thanksgiving
That we are free
And life is marching on!

X-PN 4827
H

#197

Margie M Croft
R#4 Lima, Onio
Editor

Hi There!

United Amateur Press
Association Publication

May.1953 - Vol.1 - No.3

* *

THE GIFT RETURNED!

I have no time to sorrow for myself
And so I place my woes upon a shelf.
I force a smile, and lend a helping hand
And soon discover joy at my command!
So deep engrossed was I in others pain
I failed to notice I had made a gain!
But I must share my secret here and now:
By helping others - I was helped some-how!
(from The American Courier)

* *

Hi There!

I know this continued letter is late but illness held up my activities these past two month. Hope this issue will suffice.

I promised to tell you how I got my nickname. During the year my husband was in service I began doing a good deal of radio work with my poetry. I also worked with an evangelistic group in interdenominational churches. I was dubbed 'The Christian Poet' for newspaper identification and the name stuck. It was not unusual to receive mail addressed simply - The CP-Lima, O. I have never regretted the time put into this work--nor shall I forget the night my 5 yr old daughter(oldest of 4)heard me on the radio and urged her 'baby sitter' to kneel with her and in tears she prayed for ME. That babe entered her 'teens' last month and joined the church on Easter Sunday.

After a years seperation my husband returned and once more life took on the resemblence of'the farmer and his wife'. 1947 was good to us and we were blessed with a beautiful curly haired daughter.(The selected name of Dick became Dixie)With 5 growing youngsters on the agenda my poetry work began to take a back seat-and I might add-Mamma's spirit was at a low ebb.

I am once more back in harness. Dixie is past 5 and each child has certain assigned jobs.(Which they USUALLY do!)We live in a 13 room home on a 200 acre farm(Oak Grove) Hubby raises milk cows and grain--yours truly raises Kids flowers, chickens, 2 ducks, dogs, and cats-in that order! Oh yes, and 2 gold fish named Dale Evans and Roy Rogers! The neighbors might accuse us of raising cane!!--such as the night of a weiner roast with over 60 church members and 4 preachers. In the middle of prayer my two sons started a row and one yelled(at the top of his lungs)'You little S--t A--! IT IS NEVER DULL AT OUR HOUSE!

This is your 'MC' signing off!

K-PN 4827
H

5 OCT 1953

#198

HI-THERE!

Margie M Croft
R#4 Lima, Ohio
(Editor)

UAPA
Publication
SEP
~~August~~ 1953
Vol.1--No.5

* *

A DISCOVERY

I have no time to judge the faults
with-in my fellow-man
For I must work from morn to night
to do the best I can.
I have so many faults myself,
(some I am blind to see)
And if I judge;--is it not fair
that someone else judge me?
Oh, I have found that life is best
when living as I should,
I gaze upon my fellow-man
and look for something good.

MARGIE CROFT

* *

HI THERE!

Well, I didn't get to the convention but the 'convention' came to me! I was very happily surprised by a visit from our beloved Bill Ellis--and brother, did I get the low down. I learned that Irma isn't near as big as 'advertised', that Bill met a very, very lovely grandmother who, in his estimation, looked more like somebody's daughter, that---say, I just discovered that all Bill reported on were women!! Were there any he-men at this conclave?? Well, anyhow, I sure enjoyed his visit along with his lovely wife and (my hubby says) beautiful daughter! We made a durn good stab at getting aquainted and I think I shall follow up on his invitation to visit him in Findlay.

I have been taking life easy the past few weeks just swimming, picnicing encetra. Sewing school clothes as a side-line. My contributions to literature are--well--questionable to say the least. All I came up with were such things as this =

MY CHIN BACK!

I thought it would be lots of fun
To plant a pack of seeds
But oh, my gosh, I plumb forgot
I'd have to hoe the weeds!

MARGIE CROFT

However my daughter, Dixie, gave me better material for my scrapbook. Examining a mole on her cheek, and then looking at a mole on my cheek she remarked: "Mamma, I know I'm your little girl cause we both got bumps on our heads!" OUCH! and with that I leave you.

(Clem Kaddidlehoppers wife-) Margie

* *

X-PN 4827 #199
. H

HI THERE! HI THERE! HI THERE! HI THERE! HI THERE! HI!!
A UAPA publication
JANUARY 1954 VOL.1 No.7 Margie M Croft,Editor R#4 Lima, Ohio

****

"If at first you don't succeed---"

4-MA 3

A New Year arrives..and right at the start..
I place a'door-mat' outside of my heart;
And then with the entry of each little thought
All paths shall be clean and all dirt will be caught.
If know if my 'door-mat' works as it should
That my heart shall be clean and my year will be good.

****

FIRST PRIZE in The Good Neighbor Contest
..UNWANTED HERITAGE
by Theda L Pobst

Beside you on the bus
I smile, self-conscious...
Our brushing shoulders are
elaborately unconcerned
and the hushed faces turned
to stare, close in on us..
for your skin is black, mine pale,
The your blood, tapping its red rhythm
is the same as mine.

We long to speak, casual as
neighbors at a backyard clothesline,
yet we sit..shy as children
in a strange classroom..

for the ills of your people
(at the hands of mine) loom
between us.

Will some tomorrow
erase the sorrow
of this unwanted heritage?

Our shoulders touch once more
while the engine's roar
muffles, baffles,
this urgency of our age.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

SECOND PRIZE
..MY NEIGHBOR'S THINGS by Wilma A Busch

My neighbor's things are being taken away;
It's very sad:
They say her trouble broke her down:
The poor things mad.

I never got around to thinking of
Her spirit's needs;
I was so much perturbed about
Her back-yard weeds.

****

I feel this contest was a huge success. And right here I want to say thank you to each and every one who helped to make it so. We had planned 3 prizes but it was impossible to stop there. The judges thoroughly enjoyed every entry recieved. I feel I know some of the UAPA members just a little better. I hope to have a bigger and better contest real soon.

Best of luck in the New Year!

Margie M Croft

X-PN4827
$200

Re-Pioneering

Mae Lumpkin Editor 1401 W. Holloway Midland, Texas
August 1954 U. A. P. A.

Harmony In Daily Living

Earth-folk rush to and fro seeking the elusive dream of happiness. In their relentless hurrying they have lost the true harmony of life. When one considers the orderliness of the heavenly bodies, the rhythmic song of the ocean tides, and the changing seasons of the year, surely one must feel the majestic power that governs all. Certainly he would say with the psalmist, " The heavens and the firmament declare the glory of God."

When people are faced with high-pressure living they must eliminate non-essentials if they would remain long in the land of the living. I often wonder when I see a star fall, if somehow its pace too, became so swift in the realm of time, that it fell from its established place. I know that one may find scientific terms for its explanation, but one still makes suppositions. One must harmonize or balance all phases of living to keep one's equilibrium. There must be work, play, rest, and worship. When the physical, mental, and spiritual forces are in harmony, the key that unlocks the magical world of happiness, is not hard to find. If somehow you have lost the key, re-discover the lost values and return to the land of victorious living.

Look up and feel the rhythym all about you,
The easy growing plan, from year to year,
That nature gives to all her silent children
The freedomtoo, from sudden blighting fear.

Behold the steady pace within the plant world,
The surety and ease of gracious trees;
Then clasp within your heart each vital meaning,
To calm the waves of stormy inland seas.

M. L.

Thank you , Mary Frame,for your card from the convention. I know you must have had a wonderful time.

LOUDER THAN WORDS

My mother never prayed aloud
Or taught in words of eloquence
But she knew God through faith and prayer
And day to day... just lived it.

... Mary Frame, from NEW VERSE

#201

HANDS TOGETHER

X-PN 482
.H

A UAPA Publication
Akron, Indiana

February, 1954

Marie Hand —Editors
Tamara L. Hand

4-MAR 3

TO MY VALENTINE

In youth
Love is a fragile aura:
Azalea-pink,
Ephemeral as a heartbeat.
But wingbeats of experience
Nurture the aura
To gentle mauve reality
Of understanding,
And the heart is sheltered
Through the shared years,

FEBRUARY

This day breathes a promise
Of the warminf passion of spring.
But February is a wanton
Coquetting with desire
For she will lay cold hands
Suddenly
Upon the heart,
Her own heart is cold as ocean depths
Yea, colder,
For when she weeps
Her tears congeal
And her sobs are frigid gales.
Oh, February, you may be
An enchantress today
But I know that tomorrow
You will be a witch
Chilling the marrow
With your icy potion.

* * * * *

SO MANY KINDS OF LOVE

This is the love month, a special time to send the pretty Valentine tokens to very special folk. Love is part of God's great plan. Arid is the life that is devoid of love and that aridity is a crying accusation that the individual has somehow failed to merit affection.

Romantic love may not be the portion of everyone. But no one need to miss the pinnacle of life expressed by love in one form or another. Love is not a bit of tinsel given idly and soon tossed aside. Rather, love is earned by our own attitude toward others. We cannot demand love, yet it comes sweetly when we earn it with tolerance and kindness. Only in our innocence as babies do we receive love without cost to ourselves.

It would follow that our responsibility is to become so winsome that others cannot help but love us. Thus, we have promoted a happier life for ourselves and a better world for our fellow-men.

* * * * *

The Editorial Guidance Bureau has suffered disillisionment and this may result in dissolution. Helen asked for your will toward its continuance, but except for a few loyal folk, lethargy has been your answer. We have tried. So is it not better to give the Bureau a clean death than to allow it to languish ignominiously?

THE TORCH PARADE (the last)******Ruth Walker won a $ 175.00 prize in an I.G.A. contest. She is local correspondent for The Barre Times and has been writing feature articles******Mary Lavinia Silvia is Associate Editor of "Sunshine Messenger". Her Christmas poem, "A Child Is Born", was read on Uncle Elmer's program, Station WEEI, Boston, Dec. 13. Her quatrain "The Anchor", published in "Quatrain Digest" won a cash prize for merit.

MARIE

5 FEB X-P N4827
COPY-----19.
H

"Hoosierette"

Vol. 1 January 1955 No. 1

Happy New Year!

"Howdy folks! Guess you war'nt spectin' ta see me, in this heer bundel, so I'll interduse myself. I am Hoosierette, the feller yur're gonna see stead of The Hoosier—ya see, ... th boss has decided, for various reezens, to publish The Hoosier on a quarterly basis, and that's why I'm heer. I'll be th go between, so spect we'll be meetin off'en an hope you'll like me, and we can be good friends"

Any comments or criticisms of this amateur paper are welcomed.

X-PN 4827
·H
#203

THE HUNTSMAN

Published by Bart Rosbrook, Willmar, Minnesota.

Number 1 October 1955

5 - OCT 26 1955

WITHOUT LIGHT

Dear One:- Without light I could not see the dawn of a new day, nor the color of the sky. I could not see the proportions of a tree, the hues of the rainbow, nor the flowers at my feet. Nor could I see autumn in its reds and golds, the alabaster of snow, nor the darkening of storm clouds. Without light I could not see, nor would there be, the sculptor's bronze, the painter's oil, the artist's kiln. I would not see this land I live in, its freedom and flag. I could not see my fellow man.

Without light, Dear One, I would have no sight with which to see the pleasantness of your face, your slip of a figure, and what you could mean to me. But for this, I need no sight for I can sense how dear you are, how

X-PN4827
5 - MAY 12
COPY 1955
#204

How About It?

April 1955

Introducing-- "HOW ABOUT IT"

An amateur publication dedicated to amateur writers, who like to express theirselves briefly, in the form of chitchat, discussions, questions & answers, proverbs, quotations, wit & humor etc.

Articles of this type will be most welcome and should not be over 200 words and publisher reserves the right to use the article again if occasion demands.

Why? - because I plan to publish a book or booklet on such things.

Articles in this issue written by myself.

-- Cornelius V. Gardner

Mail your compositions to
C.V.Gardner, 2330 Olive St., Denver-7, Colo.
Publisher- "How About It" and others
Hand set in available type and published as often as time and material will permit.

X-PN4827
#209
5 - MAY 12
Copy 1955

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Articles in this issue written by myself.

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Mail your compositions to
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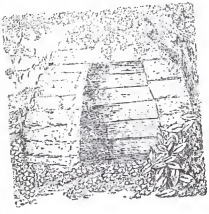
Publisher- "How About It" and others
Hand set in available type and published as often as time and material will permit.

X-PN4827
#205

Hopewell Leaves

Founded January 1952
by Wilfried Myers
September 1955
Volume 4 Number 9



5 - JUN 2 -
Copy 1955

X-PN4827

SPINDRIFT

BY

Bonnie Elizabeth Parker

Number 13 • June 1955

5 - JUL 14
Copy 1955

#207

Happy Daze

PUBLISHED BY
BERNICE SPINK, 18523 Newell Road, Shaker Heights 22, Ohio

X-PN 482 7
.H

Our British Friends

FOR some time I have wanted to circulate HAPPY DAZE through the BAPA as well as the National bundle. Since this issue is devoted to the British amateurs, I think it is an appropriate one to send.

I have always enjoyed reading the British papers, though I've felt they were somewhat "heavier" than our NAPA papers. There weren't many printed papers in the early days of my BAPA membership, but today I think there are several which are quite interesting and very well done. It seems to me Reg Hollins has been largely responsible for the BAPA's growth along the line of good printed papers. He's a typical amateur journalist with all the necessary enthusiasm and interest to spur a group on. He also does an excellent printing job. And he and our Bill Haywood did a fine job of cooperating on *It's a Small World*, a joint effort of some ten amateur printers.

Some of these are members of the International Small Printers' Association who first heard of the National, I believe, through Reg Hollins. I feel this ISPA is one of the best sources from which to recruit new members. Their papers are comparable to our better amateur jour-

6-DEC-2
Copy 1955

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord . . . #208

X-PN 48 27

ELLISONIAN ECHOES

FROM THE

Manse of the Muses"

X-PN4827
APR 21 1955
5
Copy
#209

Honey Wood

CLARA E. BALLARD
EDITOR

3141 S. Martinson Wichita, 12, Kansas

April, 1955

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION Publication Number one

* - * -

RISEN - AS HE SAID

Very early in the morning,
Their hearts yet filled with gloom,
Came Mary and the other Mary,
Bearing spices to the tomb.

Knowing not that Christ was risen,
As they came at break of day,
Pondering on the weighty problem
Who would roll the stone away.

But at the tomb an angel greets them,
"Seek him not among the dead-
Go and tell His friends - and Peter -
He is risen - as He said."

Down the centuries rings that message,
"Seek Him not among the dead."
Neither death nor tomb can hold Him,
He is risen - as He said."

Clara Ballard.

HAPPY EASTER

Greetings to all you friendly folks. Many thanks to members and visitors of the Milwaukee Club and to other members who sent welcome, birthday and holiday greetings.

IN APPRECIATION

My thanks to Wilda Crawford who shared space in KIMBERLITE with me when I was not yet a member of U A P A.

To Secretary Daas, Irma the Mailer, and others on whom fall the work of getting out the bundles each month and to all the editors whose papers make the bundle so interesting- many, many thanks.

Clara Ballard

X 28487

5 - JUN 24
Copy 1955

Honey

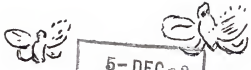
U A P A PUBLICATION - JUNE 1955
Clara E. Ballard - Editor
341 South Martinson
Wichita 12 Kansas

#210

- - -

#211

Honey Wood



5-DEC-2
Copy 1955

U. A. P. A. October 1955 341 So. Martinson Wichita 12 Kansas

X-PN 48 27
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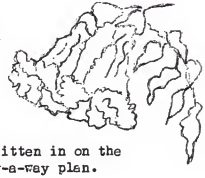
PLUNDERER'S LUCK

I plucked two gems of a gay woodbine.
Beauty, O so briefly mine . . .
I wore them; but as flowers will,
They slouched, from lack of chlorophyll.

Guest poet Alice Julian



Seen on a Wichita bus . . . .
An advertisement of a mortuary company. Written in on the margin of the sign were these words . . . Try our lay-a-way plan. . . . . It ain't funny, Magee ! ! !

APOLOGIES . . . . Sorry we didn't get around to the birthday cards in August and September . . . . hope the birthdays were all extra happy ones.

Welcome to all the new members and to the new papers which appear in the bundles from time to time.

* * * * * * * *

WORLD'S GREATEST HOBBY

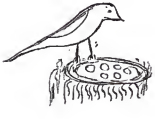
The greatest hobby you can find today,
To alert the mind of man, I will say,
Is collecting ideas for meditation,
For clarification and publication.

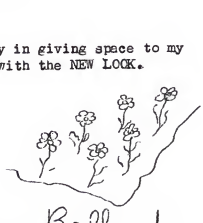
Guest poet, G.Edward Lind.

* * * * * *

Thank you, Eddie Schaffer, for your generosity in giving space to my article and poem in THE CORDUROY PATCH . . . with the NEW LOOK.

Tell me, bus driver,
Do Corduroys hatch,
Or do they just grow,
InThE CORDUROY PATCH ?





Clara Ballard.
Editor

X-PN4827
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#212

He Is Risen

5 - MAR 27
Copy 1965

He Is Risen

X-PN4827
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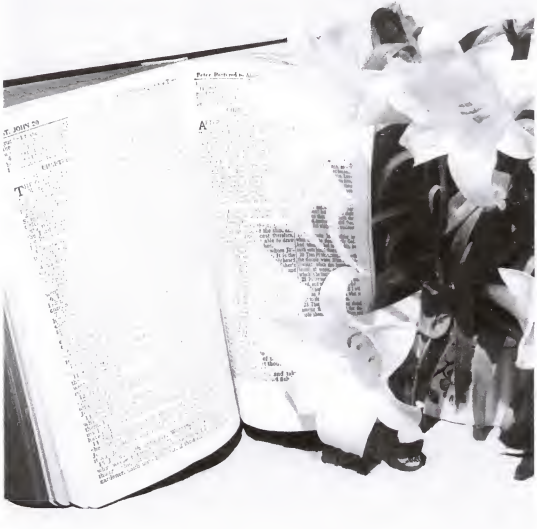
#213
- APR 30
Copy-----1956



ELLISONIAN ECHOES

FROM THE

"Manse of the Muses"

X-RN4827
#214
H

Happiness Unlimited

3 - DEC 20
1956

Volume I No. I

June 1956

An Inspirational Philanthropy for Shut-Ins.

JAN 81

Honey Wood

#215

JANUARY 1956, U.A.P.A. Publication

A WORD ABOUT KANSAS

One of the beautiful legends interwoven with Kansas history concerns an Indian brave and an Indian maiden who fell in love but because of tribal differences could not marry. Rather than be separated they chose a watery death in a nearby river. The legend has it that their spirits entered a pair of beautiful swans and that the river was thereafter called the Marais des Cygnes or river of the swans. This legend is beautifully re-told in a little poem by one or our own members, Nina Phalen.

R-PN 4827
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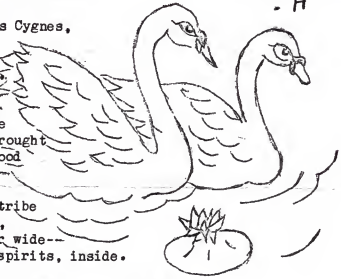
THE MARAIS DES CYGNES



The "River of the Swans", the Marais des Cygnes,
Flows smoothly now in its lowly bed,
But once it was the exciting scene
Of romance, between two lovers now dead.

A beautiful maiden of Indian blood
Was deeply loved by a strong young brave
Who vowed his love would last through drought or flood
Then lost his life in a watery grave.

For the princess belonged to different tribe
And marriage for them was rudely denied,
So both went down together in this river wide--
Two lily-white swans float away, their spirits, inside.

Nina Phalen, guest poet, 510 5th St.,S.E., Mason City, Iowa.
If you like, why not drop her a card.

THANKS FOR THE KIND WORDS; Thank you, folks, for the nice remarks about the Wichita papers, including HONEY WOOD. Some time, Irma, we'll try out the other side and see what we can do with it. At present we have our difficulties getting even one side into circulation. Hi, Eddie Schaffer, and thank you for again sharing space with us in your Corduroy Patch. And thanks to all the nice folks who sent Christmas and birthday cards. They were much appreciated.

Thanks, all, for the orchids,
We'll do our best,
To keep HONEY WOOD
In line with the rest.

WE HAVE A NEW ADDRESS

Yes, in the middle of the holiday rush we moved. And if you have ever experienced the holiday rush in the office of a department store you know it is a breathtaking, spellbinding rush. Long hours - rush and hurry - very little time to think of anything else - our U.A.P.A. correspondence was sadly neglected . But in the midst of it all we moved. We still are far from settled but we are here, Pearl, my sister, and I, and it is home.

Editor, CLARA E. BALLARD, 2116 NORTH WACO,

WICHITA, 4 Kansas.

X-PN4827
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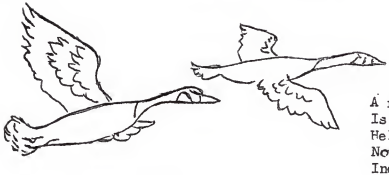
#216

U - DEPO U
Copy 1956

Honey Wood

U A P A Publication
by Clara E. Ballard
2116 North Waco,
Wichita 4, Kansas.



NOVEMBER DAYS

November days are here again
With a sparkle all their own,
Housetops gleam in morning sun
As jewels bedeck a throne.

We miss the cheery song birds
And wish that they could stay,
But ducks and geese are calling
And Winter's on its way.

We love the budding springtime
With its light capricious showers,
Yet we would not miss the splendor
Of November's zestful hours.

Our credential Clara Ballard

COULDN'T SAY HI

Alittle girl playing in the yard
Said "Hi" to a passerby.
Receiving no answer
Mournfully she said,
"Couldn't even say Hi".

It takes so little to please a child;
Just a simple Hi, and a smile.
The effort is small,
No trouble at all,
And believe me its very worthwhile.

The same thing applies to grownups too,
Each has a load to bear
And may be in need
Of a friendly deed,
Or a smile to show that you care.

Clara Ballard.

CINQUAIN

A friend
Is one who will
Help you in hour of need
Now that is what I call a friend
Indeed.

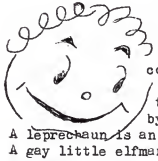
G Edward Lind

(This might be in better company on Dorothy's page)

AND BE YE THANKFUL

For FAMILY TIES - God setteth the solitary in families. Ps. 68;6
For FRIENDS - I have called you friends. St. John 15;15.
For HEALTH - . . shall arise with healing in His wings. Mal. 4;2.
For FOOD - . . bread enough and to spare. Luke 15;17.
For SHELTER - . the Son of man hath not where to lay his head. Luke 9;58.

For the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof. 1st Cor.10;26.



PLEASED as PUNCH about the nice comments and encouraging words. Among them was this little rhyme by Dorothy Schrader.

A leprechaun is an Irish rogue
A gay little elfman who talks with a brogue. Thanks Dorothy, now we know. Thanks to you all and have a happy THANKSGIVING.

Clara Ballard

X-PN4827
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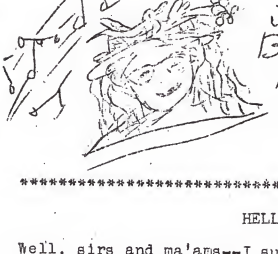


5 - MAY 23
COPY 1956

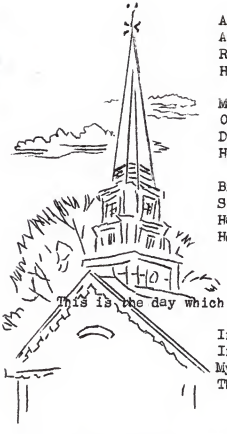
Member of the United Amateur Press Association. At the present time, residing in the City of Concord, New Hampshire, at 266 North State Street,.. and jes' about belonging to too many Clubs, near and far afield, as possible. That's me, yer fren, Georgine Alice Chamberlain

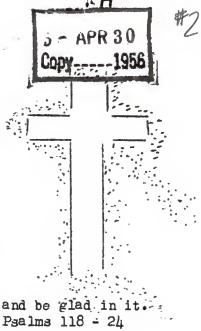
HELLO, PEOPLE, HELLO!

Well, sirs and ma'ams--I sure am a delinquent, and first and foremost, I am fallin' flat on my face to apologize for my seeming neglect to all and sundry...A real abject critter at this present writing. With no visible material for so long, that it ain't nice to talk about it...Howsummever, I must really beg forgiveness from each and every member of this lovely hobby for not reciprocating to their kindnesses in writing to me...I will do so now through the medium of this paper...Ahem. Attention, everyone concerned! First and foremost, I want to thank you all so warmly for your wonderful acceptance of me into the brotherhood and friendship of this so happy a Family of Ajayists...This outlet for each and everyone's innermost thoughts and happinesses. I did receive cards from some, and group cards, also, on my last Birthday, June 19th; then some wrote nice little notes to me, also; Each one has been appreciated so very much, believe me. I do wish that I could see my way clear to meeting you all at your July convention in New York City, but, one cannot plan beyond the moment in which we breathe. Yes, my dear readers, I am extremely interested in whomsoever the organization appoints for its officers for each year. Especially so, last year, as the Young Man in question was so near to where my daughter resides. I travel down to Lynn so often that my ole jaloppy, "Rodney", knows his way down without any steering...Often travelled in and about White River junction here in this State and could have seen Martha Williams but better wait for nicer weather and another time...I have a nice snapshot of Bill Ellis and his charming wife and his correspondence with me has been very beautiful. Also, G. Edward Lind has sure been a Pal... Don't know what I'd do without his friendly notices...Once your so very busy Secretary wrote a nice note, too...Now I want to commend each one on the sincerity of his project. You all are providing a "ray of Sunshine" to so many Shut-ins that I do not believe you realize the extent of such! Do not anyone of you despair that you are not being appreciated, for you certainly are. Even as God noted the little sparrow, so are your papers, poems and contributions of all sorts, noted and thankfully received, by all the members...Quite oftenm I want you all to note that some of those manuscripts fall into the hands of those who cannot becomee members and are in such dire need of the contents of each paper...So long as we have a Light to Shine. Let it shine brightly and afar!....Though I started to save my pennies to make the trip to the Convention, the bloomin' coppers found their way each time intoothe grubby fists of my eight grandchildren, and with two more scheduled to make their appearances this August, I guess more pennies will be needed for them Don't you think so, ar doncha!...Ain't it the trooth! Am still

X-PN4827
#218
5 - APR 30
Copy-----1956

HE IS RISEN! HE IS HERE!





Again the Easter morning dawns,
Again the message clear,
Rings above the noise and strife,
He is risen! He is here!

Mankind ponders still the story
Of the Saviour's empty bier,
Dwelling in the hearts that love Him,
He is risen! He is here!

Bringing hope to all mankind,
Spreading gladness far and near;
Hallelujah! Glad Hosannas!
He is risen! He is here!

Clara Ballard

* - * - - * - - * - *

This is the day which the Lord hath made; we well rejoice and be glad in it.
Psalms 118 - 24

In His presence the burdens grow lighter,
In His presence grows brighter the way;
My heart will rejoice in Him always,
This is His wonderful day!

C E B

* - * - * - * - *

Birthday greetings! We hereby extend heartiest greetings to all to whom we should have, but didn't, send cards. We hope they had, or will have, very happy birthdays. Some day we'll do better - we hope! Greetings, Wilda Crawford, we hope you are fully recovered by now!

* - * - * - * - *

FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING

Recalling the anemones
(Back in my pigtail years)
That clustered in a woodsy dell,
I'm smilin' through my tears;
Again they're in full bloom upon -
The pillbox in a Hat Salon!

Alice Julian Her address is 4203
N. Winchester Ave., Chicago 13, Ill.

- - - - - - - - -

Here's hoping you all had a wonderful
Easter. The editor.

Honey Wood
2116 N. Waco
Wichita 4, Kansas
Clara Ballard

#220

Honey Wood

June 1958
U A P A Publication
Clara E.Ballard,Editor,
2116 N.Waco,Wichita 4,Kansas

JUNE BRIDES

June is the month of brides,
How fitting it should be so;
The bibrant,fresh glow of girlhood
And the sweetest spring flowers that blow.

So here's to the bride of June,
May the years much happiness bring,
As the rich mellow tones of the autumn
Fulfill the promise of spring.

C.E.B.

MY FIRST VACATION (Written for a friend contemplating her first trip with all the contagious enthusiasm of youth.)

1 I'm away on my vacation
And it's on e of great renown
For I've never journeyed,here-to-fore,
Except to nearby town.

2 To sit on softest cushion,
To read awhile, or dose,
Yet fearing something new to miss
If my yes I even close.

3 To watch through open window
The fields go skimming by,
With here and there a group of trees
Outlined against the sky.

4 Oh, I can't express my feelings
As all these things I see,
Or realize my dream's come true,
And that I'ts really me.

5 And when the daylight fades
New thrills come to me;
For never in my life,before,
Has 'berth' meant bed to me.

6 I'ts fun to watch the porter
As he folds the covers in
And hangs a little hammock
To tuck my slippers in.

7 A tiny little mirror,
An electric light or two,
Completes the neat arrangement
And it's all so very new.

8 But finally I go to sleep
To waken, now and then,
And wonder what I'm missing
As I go to sleep again.

9 And when at last it's morning
New glories I perceive.
There are mountains in the distance
And a cooling little breeze.

10 And then as I come closer
To nature at it's best
I find that each new vision
Is lovlier than the rest.

11 The rushing mountain torrents,
The steep majestic heights,
The calm and wondrous beauty
As the stars peep out at night.

12 Many miles I hope to travel
Ere I lose my zest and zip,
But no journey could be sweeter
Than my first vacation trip.

Clara E.Ballard.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Greetings Everyone. Clara Ballard.

X-PN4827
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#221
5 -JAN 14
Copy ____ 1959

Honey Wood

A U.A.P.A. Publication
Published by Clare E.Ballard
2116 N.Waco, Wichita 4,Kansas.
December 1958.

THE MEANING of CHRISTMAS

Christmas flowers adorn the church,
There's Christmas music in the air,
Joy and gladness fill our hearts
As we breathe a morning prayer.

Yet some hearts are sad and weary
Bowed by sorrow and by care,
Carrying burdens far too heavy
For their human strength to bear.

But the Father's grace sustains them
And His love around them flows,
Bringing comfort,joy and peace
To their longing souls.

Yes,this is the meaning of Christmas,
Tell it over and over again.
Christ, the Lord, came to the earth
To bring peace to the hearts of men.

###

We've failed to send cards
Though it's the right thing to do ,
But to all we would say,
Happy Birthday to you.

- - - - -

We enjoy the papers in the bundles-
wish we had room for comment.

- - -

All poems in this issue are by the
Publisher-Editor.

TO a YOUNG FRIEND

A poem for Christmas?
Now what can I say?
I know you'll be happy
And merry and gay,

I know you have friends,
Mother, sisters and Dad,
And the keenest kid brother
A girl ever had.

So why should I worry
Or try to make rhyme;
You have all I could wish for you
And they're yours all the time.

###

Tis true the idle word
May need to be repented
And he who guardeth well his tongue
May well be complimented.

But silence also may cause pain
As sharp as adder's sting,
When had a kindly word been said
Some saddened heart might sing.

- - - - -

I wish you all that life can hold
Of happiness and cheer,
And may your Christmas joy extend
through all the coming year.

Clara Ballard.

5-JAN 13
Copy ____ 1959

#222

Honey Wood

A U.A.P.A. Publication
Published by Clara E.Ballard
2116 N.Waco, Wichita 4,Kansas.
December 1958.

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Clara Ballard.

This issue was published as part of the pack of six papers to be presented to the first 50 registrants at Youngstown.

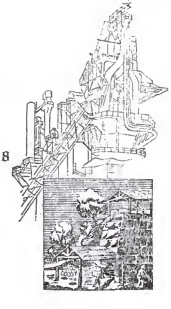
Y-P.14827.H

#223

Hopewell Leaves

Founded January 1952
by Wilfried Myers

August 1959
Volume 8 Number 8



X-PN 4827.H #224

HOLIDAY GREETINGS

X-PN-4821
+225

X-PN 48277
H
#226

Though these may not please everyone,
I assure you've asked for more
About my funny brain waves.
We hope you like. [illegible]

Steve B. Miller

Copy ____ 1963

Conversation Piece

Now the art of conversation
Seems to be completely dead,
What with one thing and another,
There is little to be said.

For we start the day at breakfast,
With the radio turned on,
And we eat our lunch to broadcasts
Of the news, both pro and con.

When it's time to have our dinner,
For a program we get set,
Then in front of television,
We devour what we can get.

And the times we have to dine out,
Do we all agree on this?
We spend half the time in thinking
Of the programs we must miss.

Yes, they did a lot of talking
In the dear dead days of yore,
But how many conversations
Must have been a deadly bore.

For the Birds

Our Annie has a husband dear,
Who loves her very much,
She has a charming, dimpled face,
A "skin you love to touch".

But when her husband said to her,
"My dear, you're gaining weight,
If you don't diet for a while,
Two chins will be your fate."

Our Annie didn't like it and
She said, "Why, that's absurd,
You know I have an appetite
Just like a little bird."

"That may be true," her husband said,
"We all know how birds do,
They pick and pick and pick all day,
And that's the way with you.

To keep it up and still stay slim,
Would challenge a wizard,
Although you eat just like a bird,
You don't have its gizzard."

Hobby Journal
SUPPLEMENT
+++++ +++++ ++++++++++ +++++ +++++
Published For
UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
+++++ +++++ ++++++++++ +++++ +++++
Bob Bowman, Editor & Publisher
P. O. Box 637, Gulfport, Mississippi

5- JUN 30 1961
Copy
#227
X-PN4827
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ASSIGNMENT

By Bob Bowman

John wondered what his next assignment would be like. He also wondered if he would be ready for it on time. He realized that he had quite a bit more studying to do. He had to review all the mistakes he had made on his last assignment --- and there had been plenty of mistakes. He realized that he had a lot of preparation to make before he was ready for an assignment that was higher than the previous one. However, he welcomed the challenge of a higher assignment, in spite of the endless review, the deep and concentrated study, and the many preparations. If he had not been considered ready he would probably have already been sent back out on another assignment, very similar to the one he had just completed.

John knew that many of his friends of the previous assignment had been sent back out. Some of them he missed particularly. For instance, there was Sue, a sweet and charming girl, but she did have one or two glaring faults that she seemed unable to overcome. John knew that Sue had been out on three straight previous assignments, all very similar, and now she had been sent back on the fourth. He wondered when she would be ready for a higher position. Certainly not before she had learned to overcome those glaring faults. He idly wondered if he would ever run across her again on a future assignment, and rather hoped he would, but he did hope that by the time he did, she would have overcome those faults.

Thinking about Sue was pleasant, and it was also pleasant to review his own past assignments. He remembered his early ones when he could not seem to

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[redacted]

[redacted] lovely records I will play
[redacted] and hope that people stay away.
[redacted] ecessary things can wait,
[redacted] know that I'll just hibernate.

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NORTH WINDS BLOWING

BY TED PAYER

A STORY OF THE GREAT LAKES

$5 CENTS A COPY
TED PAYER · PUBLISHER

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#231

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

The following have birthdays during the month of DECEMBER. Please send them cards:

1-Mrs Marjorie B. Smith
4-Mrs Myrtle B. McCemic
4-Mrs Bernice M. Wilkins
5-Ira Reely
7-Joseph T. Daley
7-Mrs Gladys Hembree
7-Mrs Dorothy Gallagher
7-Mrs Myrah Lawrance
9-Mrs. Annie E. Scurlock
12-Mrs Maude Blackwell
12-Minnie Mills Neal
14-Mrs Margaret Aamodt
14-Helen McGown
14-Merlin F. Teed
16-Mrs Martha M. Clark
16-Rowan R. White
17-Claire Emerson
21-Jennie C. Ulan
23-Dr. Belle S. Mooney
26-Geraldine Spinelli
31-Arthur W. Muller
31-George Jay Crawford

- - - - - - - - - - - - -

TIME

A pathway leading upward
Branching into years;
Harboring attainment,
Brewing wars and fears!
Minute of enchantment,
Day to strive anew;
Hour of achievement
Dawn of cloudy dew.
Week of sun and gladness,
Spattering of rain;
Month of trial and sadness,
Chance to try again!
Strengthening in progres,
Peaceful hope in prayer,
Mellowing in wisdom,
Knowledge ever there!
Searching, seeking, finding,
Dream come true at last!
Seconds! Minutes! Passing!
Passing! NEVER PAST!

Margie Zimmerman

I can't have butter on my toast,
Rolls, coffeecake or bread,
So at breakfast time I put it on
my grapefruit half, instead.

Bea Dragin

THE SNOW STORM

The storm came down
With a bluff and blow
All night long the falling snow
Sifted down from the cold gray sky,
When morning came
The fence was gone
The drifts were piled so high.
The snow was damp and heavy
The wind was rank and raw,
The hired men put on their leggins
And went staggering,
To scatter hay and straw;
Then from the woodpile gate
They toted wood together
To fill the chimney grate.
Fowls were stranded in their coops;
And the farm dogs hollow bay,
He was holed up in the stck barn:
Beneath the loft of hay.
All within was warm as toast
But the world was a captured camp;
A troop of snow plumed warriors,
Were guarding rank on rank.
Thus came down the winter storm
From a cold and somber sky,
With a blow and a huff
And an agry huff,
As it piled the snow drifts high.

George Jay Crawford

* * * * *

BECAUSE I KNOW

Because I have seen the dawn
I know of the rising sun
Because I have seen the morn
I know of the dewdrops spun.

Because I have seen the flowers
I know what the colors share
Because I have seen the showers
I know what the rainbows wear.

Because I have seen valleys tall
I know of the mountain
Because I have seen raindrops fall
I know of the fountain.

Because I have seen its wings
I know that the eagle flies
Because I have seen these things
I know God's work never dies.

D'Edquard Freeman

Plan now to attend the annual Convention in July.

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THE HUG TRUFF

What irony! Here we have a mayor of the lousiest, most corrupt city in the nation, proposing to bring more urban areas under his domination, under the control of him and his fellow prostitutes. That's him, that sanctimonious sectarian, your mayor, Baullin. Well, does he and his cohorts know, that under the democratic system of these United States, any urban community that wishes may incorporate if it so pleases them. They need no advice from this parasitical source, from these gutless, legal manipulators. These hypocrites, even in their proposal, endeavor to clothe themselves in a cloak of false patriotism, insinuating that the dictatorial proposals they make are made in the interests of the Nation. These same are the men who conspired to disobey *the President of the United States* in his dispersal order; to make of his order a mere token of its true meaning, to salve their selfish souls.

Climate is the only reason why the scum and filth of the Nation have congregated here, and have built upon the sand a population in totality dependent upon the Nation, and its government. From out of this mass of human degeneracy, is it any wonder that totalitarian control of surrounding communities is sought. Native sons are assimilated into the great mass of human trash, spewn out by eastern communities. The really worth-while Americans, the producers, creators, and solid workers, either stay in their States, or migrate to portions of the country where productivity, creation, and labor beneficial to mankind are available.

Only a fool would say that Southern California's semi-arid terrain could produce adequate food, shelter, and clothing for the vast number of racketeers and crooks who migrate here. We must even bring water from out of the State. We growl like mongrel dogs when Arizona wants some of the Colorado's water. Yet Arizona has just as good desert land as does Los Angeles County.

Here are a few items of proof, as to the quality of people we in California have received from the East during the past thirty years. Thirty years ago, I spent a few months in the city of New York. The solid citizens of that community had, at that time, built a transportation system far in advance of what these termites we have received from the East have ever built for us. Yes sir—New York was more advanced in every way in 1922 than is Los Angeles in the year 1952. We have assembly plants in L.A., but it still costs $200 more to buy an automobile here than it does in Detroit. Eastern beer is superior to the slop made here, yet if free enterprise were in operation, any hotel or restaurant could specialize, with its own make of beer. That's how simple the making of beer is. The finest brandy in the world is made in California, yet the wine industry as a whole is so perverted that the crap predominates over the good. Much wine consumed within the State cannot pass the Pure Food and Drug Laws of the federal government, required for interstate trade.

I sure didn't invite these people to come out here, and for my part, I sincerely wish that they, too, would move to Las Vegas.

It is *not* my intention to speak disparagingly of any person or group of people: please accept this only as what we might call a *nightmare,* something that might have a semblance of truth, but minus factual evidence—an idea to be thought of in the manner one thinks of a great theatrical performance, such as, for instance, the role portrayed by that Great actor, Monty Wooley, in the play, *The Man Who Came to Dinner.* (How fitting!)

JESSE W. WAITERS.